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The Week

IT NOW appears that Chancellor Brüning's declaration that Germany would pay no more reparations was not intended as a public defiance of France, but as a private and serious statement of policy in relation to the forthcoming negotiations. It happened to leak out, and of course could not be denied, because it was true. The first essential in any possible German recovery is a permanent cessation of reparations payments, and no German government is conceivable which would believe otherwise. France, of course, cannot admit this state of facts, because her legal title to reparations is her chief bargaining point. The threat that the Bank of France may not renew its share of the short-term credit extended to the Reichsbank through the Bank for International Settlements, when this credit expires on February 4, during the Lausanne Conference, is a desperate attempt to retain the bargaining advantage. But there is a good deal of doubt whether the threat would in any circumstances be inevitably lead to another banking crisis in Germany and a depreciation of the mark. There is a school of thought which has held that in the settlement of the European difficulty we must follow the lead of France, because France is now the strongest power in Europe. But what good does it do to follow her lead, when she opposes herself to economic forces which are bound in the end to be stronger than France or any other nation?

IF MERCILESS repression can break the spirit of the Indian revolutionists, their cause is lost. The British government is doing everything short of the tactics of open war to crush the independence movement. The arrest of Mrs. Gandhi followed that of her famous husband by about a week, and scores of other Nationalist leaders have been imprisoned. The Indian National Congress has been declared illegal and forbidden the use of the mails; its funds are liable to confiscation. Street meetings are being broken up and the unresisting participants are beaten as sadistically as New York police beat Communists. The Indians in return are applying all their usual methods with redoubled energy and apparently with great effect. There is a campaign against paying taxes; all British goods are under the ban; Indians are withdrawing their money from the postal savings banks. Even the post office is boycotted, and the Nationalists are setting up the beginning of a parallel mail-carrying system of their own. In Bombay, it is estimated that all business is reduced on the average by 75 percent. The cotton exchange's loss is $3,000,000 a day, and the sale of cotton cloth has been cut by $500,000 a day. When China boycotted British goods, it was only a short time until proud Albion was brought to her knees, and her policy completely reversed. The Indian position is of course very different; yet it remains a question whether Great Britain in the midst of a financial and economic crisis can long afford to pay the terrible cost of holding India by military force.

EVENTS are moving rapidly in the Manchurian situation. Secretary Stimson has sent a note to the Japanese and Chinese governments which in effect protests against the occupation of Manchuria, basing his objection on the Nine Power Treaty and the

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punishment" of the Japanese soldiers at Mukden who attacked Culver B. Chamberlain, the American consul at Harbin. The Japanese government in the meantime gives no evidence that it intends to modify its present policy because of external pressure. It holds all of Manchuria in its grip, and some observers believe it intends to push on beyond the Great Wall and occupy northeastern China as well. It is threatening to blockade all Chinese ports as a reprisal for the boycott on Japanese goods; and if it were to do so, there is grave danger that British, American or other foreign vessels may be held up, and possibly fired upon, on the assumption that they belong to China. The Chinese government, on the edge of bankruptcy, staggers along under committee rule; Chiang Kai-shek is resisting numerous pleas that he return to the helm. From various parts of China come renewed reports of activity by radicals, who are vaguely described as Communists and some of whom undoubtedly deserve this appellation.

IN A series of articles in The New Republic beginning in the issue of November 19, 1930, Mr. Lawrence Dennis unfolded the melancholy tale of how American investors have lost more than a billion dollars in foreign bonds, sold to them under what amounted to false pretenses. Within the past few days a group of witnesses before the Senate Finance Committee, including Mr. Dennis, have given additional details of these transactions, and of the sorry part played in them by the American Departments of Commerce and State. Mr. Dennis told the Committee how, when representing the banking house of J. and W. Seligman in South America in 1927 and 1928, he warned the bankers against making further loans to Peru, and how his warnings were disregarded. He predicted to the Committee that all the South American bond issues will ultimately be settled at an average rate of "ten or fifteen cents on the dollar." Another witness, Oliver C. Townsend, former commercial attaché in Peru, said he had been severely reprimanded by the Department of Commerce for sending pessimistic reports and had been ordered to send optimistic ones instead. Three-quarters of the loans about which he wrote, in sum $75,000,000, are now in default.

A WITNESS representing the Department of Commerce charged that the Department of State overrode objections to Bolivian and Colombian loans and insisted, for political reasons, that these loans be made. To this charge the State Department has issued a long reply, the gist of which is that it did write a secret letter to certain bankers warning them that Germany was a bad risk. Several other witnesses have told how money was poured out by American banking houses competing with each other for the privilege of making dubious loans to Latin American countries. Juan Leguía, son of [illegible] for doing just about nothing. Millions more were paid in bribes either to go-betweens or to South American officials. And all this money comes out of the pockets of innocent American investors who, as Mr. Dennis showed in his New Republic series, were deluded into believing that both the American government and the bankers endorsed these loans, though as a matter of fact neither did.

WHAT the Wickersham Commission did not have courage enough to do has now been accomplished by the United States Senate. The Commission, readers will remember, ordered an investigation of the Mooney-Billings case, as was proper in view of the fact that it was ordered to study, among other things, lawless enforcement of the law. This study was duly made by a committee of eminent lawyers, Walter Pollak, Carl S. Stern and Zechariah Chafee, Jr. But once it was made, the Commission developed a remarkable reluctance to publish it. Needless to say, the report found that Mooney and Billings had been the victims of a gross miscarriage of justice; and the Commissioners, obviously remembering that President Hoover is a Californian and that 1932 is a presidential-campaign year, felt they had lighted the fuse of a dynamite bomb and that they must put it out. Despite all possible pressure from those interested in the case, they buried the report. A few days ago, several progressive Senators decided that it ought to be made public, and obtained the adoption of a resolution asking the Attorney General (now in charge of the papers of the defunct Commission) for a copy. The Attorney General made a reply which must strain the credulity of the most simple-minded: he stated that the document had been lost! Thereupon another copy was obtained, from a source which has not been publicly identified, and forwarded to the Attorney General in order to be passed on to the Senate.

THE full text of the report, which we understand is in bulk a good-sized book, has not yet been made public; but enough has been revealed to show why it was a politically dangerous document for a conservative Californian like President Hoover, dependent in that state upon the same forces which sent Mooney and Billings to jail and are keeping them there. The facts in the case are too familiar to New Republic readers to need repetition here, but we feel it is worth while to quote the conclusion of the Wickersham Commission's subcommittee on law enforcement, headed by Judge William S. Kenyon. In the light of the facts unearthed by its investigators, the subcommittee says:

> (1) There was never any scientific attempt made by either the police or prosecution to discover the perpetrators or the crime. The investigation was in reality turned over to a private detective, who used his position to cause the arrest of the defendant. The police investigation was reduced to a hunt for evidence

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(2) There were flagrant violations of the statutory law of California by both police and the prosecution in the manner in which the defendants were arrested and held incommunicado, and in the subsequent searches of their homes to procure evidence against them.

(3) After the arrest of the defendants, witnesses were brought to the jail to "identify" them, and their "identifications" were accepted by the police and the prosecution, despite the fact that these witnesses were never required to pick the defendants out of a line-up, or to demonstrate their accuracy by any other test.

(4) Immediately after the arrest of the defendants there commenced a deliberate attempt to arouse public prejudice against them by a series of almost daily interviews given to the press by prosecuting officials.

(5) Witnesses were produced at the trials with information in the hands of the prosecution that seriously challenged the creditability of the witnesses, but this information was deliberately concealed.

(6) Witnesses were permitted to testify at the trials despite such knowledge in the possession of the prosecution of prior contradictory stories told by these witnesses as to make their production a vouching for perjured testimony.

(7) Witnesses were coached in their testimony to a degree that approximated subornation of perjury. There is a strong inference that some of this coaching was done by prosecuting officials, and other evidence points to the knowledge by the prosecuting officials that such coaching was being practised on other witnesses.

(8) The prejudice against the defendants, stimulated by newspaper publicity, was further appealed to at the trials by unfair and intemperate arguments to the jury in the opening and closing statements of the prosecuting attorneys.

(9) After the trials, the disclosures casting doubt on the justice of the convictions were minimized and every attempt made to defeat the liberation of the defendants by a campaign of misrepresentation and propaganda carried on by the officials who had prosecuted them.

THE surface facts of the situation in Hawaii are fairly clear. Some months ago a young woman, the wife of an American naval officer, was attacked and raped by a gang of hoodlums of mixed Hawaiian and Oriental blood. Five men who were identified, and according to the Americans, positively identified, as her assailants, were arrested and tried. The jury disagreed, presumably because Hawaiian law does not permit conviction in a rape case on the uncorroborated evidence of the woman. At any rate, the defendants were let out of jail, and the native population seemed inclined to make heroes of them. Afterwards one of the five was set upon by assailants who have not been identified, and badly beaten. Another of the five was killed, and four persons are now under arrest charged with his death. They are the husband of the young woman who was attacked, her mother, and two enlisted men in the navy. Behind this set of surface facts, however, lies another of equal importance in explaining the present state of conflict which threatens to flare out into

archipelago contains only some 20,000 Caucasians (not including American soldiers and sailors) out of a total of more than 300,000. Of the rest, five-twelfths are Japanese, and most of the remainder are various mixtures of Hawaiian, Japanese and Chinese blood. There is, then, a white psychology a little like that of the English in India or perhaps more accurately, that of the white population of Alabama or Mississippi. There are further cleavages to be noted: the archipelago has important army and navy bases, and there is the usual conflict between civilian and military authorities. Propagandists, for their own purposes, often exaggerate the conditions in the Hawaiian Islands; it is alleged that the naval authorities are doing so now. Nevertheless, it is clear that a dangerous condition exists, and one which will require wise handling if it is not to end in a disastrous explosion.

The Collapse of Local Government

MAYOR Walker of New York accuses the bankers of sabotaging the city by charging a high interest rate for the large sum it has recently been compelled to borrow. The bankers retort that the city's finances are in such shape that its credit is rapidly becoming exhausted. Philadelphia has been forced actually to cease paying salaries; a proposed tax increase was stopped by an angry demonstration of the citizens. Chicago has been without necessary funds for months; teachers have not been paid, and now the city may have to give up the elementary jobs of government by failing to pay its policemen and firemen. The plight of these three largest cities in the nation may be paralleled all the way down the scale of local governments to the most sparsely settled rural communities. Of course there are brilliant exceptions, like Milwaukee, which under its efficient and honest Socialist Mayor has kept out of debt and has money in the bank. But the trouble is general enough to warrant serious consideration. It is one of the most critical situations facing the country, because if local government fails, anarchy supervenes; the most elementary needs of the citizens cannot be met.

Individual circumstances may be assigned as causes in specific instances, such as crooked tax assessments in Chicago, extravagance and Tammany graft in New York. But old-fashioned campaigns for civic righteousness would not remove the difficulty. There is a more fundamental trouble than ordinary political corruption.

The depression of course may be blamed for precipitating the crisis. It has squeezed local governments between the pincers of diminished receipts and increased expenditures. An unknown, but certainly enormous, volume of taxes is in arrears; some of these taxes will probably never be paid.

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relief, under our crazy official policy, has fallen on the municipalities and counties. While, in popular theory, private funds have been supposed to meet the need, as a matter of fact more than 70 percent of the relief expenditures have been paid out of local public budgets—a straight dole, inequitably assessed on local property taxes. Now the governments are cracking under the strain.

Are we justified in assuming, however, that with the passing of depression the crisis will automatically disappear? By no means. It is, of course, possible that unemployment will be reduced, but even business revival would be slow in creating jobs for everyone who is out of work. We are likely to have a large volume of unemployment for years to come. Even more serious than this, however, is the fact that a thoroughgoing process of deflation such as we seem to be undergoing means not merely a permanent fall in the prices of commodities, but a reduction in rents and in property values as well, and a deflation of securities—including public bonds. Small property owners are fully conscious of the heavy burden laid upon them by taxes and assessments—a burden under which they were already bowed before depression arrived, and which they cannot continue to bear. Of course it is out of the question for them to go on paying the steady increase which the mounting cost of local government has imposed on them in recent years. Rentpayers are not usually conscious that a large part of what they pay is the tax burden passed on by landlords, but this is nevertheless the case, and rents must come down. And if taxes fail, how can the local governments continue to pay out large sums in interest and sinking funds?

There will be blind agitations for retrenchment on the part of taxpayers, bankers and investors. But it will be found that not much retrenchment is possible, as long as local governments go on doing their usual jobs in their usual way. Any conceivable cuts in the salaries of public employees would be far from bridging the gap between receipts and expenditures. Is there any other way out?

The first observation to be made on the problem is that which was made by the regional planners long before the depression came. They pointed out that the big cities were heading straight for bankruptcy, on account of the inefficiency inherent in unplanned concentration of population, on the basis of a layout conceived only in the interest of the utmost profits for speculative real-estate interests. Every skyscraper increases in geometric ratio the need for sewers, gas, water and electric mains and transit facilities. A block layout which requires that every street carry the paving and other utilities which would be needed by a high concentration of population on that block places an undue burden on regions which are not, and ought not to be, built up to that point of concentration. Unless we plan our cities and surrounding regions intelligently for living and for real efficiency, our tax burdens will be unbearable except in periods of unsound inflation.

Similar observations apply to many rural communities as well. Here, speculation in farm land, or what was intended to be farm land, without regard to the permanent possibilities of income for those who live on the land, has led to the provision of roads, schools and other facilities for counties which in the end go back to waste, and are so sparsely populated that the taxes received cannot pay the bills. The lack of intelligent economic and social planning in agriculture and land use is the fundamental difficulty of many rural communities.

Equally important is the unscientific and inequitable character of the general property tax, which, after all, carries the chief burden of government in the United States. Not only do the budgets of local governments depend upon it, but a large part of the states' revenues comes from it as well, through the channels of these local governments. It bulks far larger in the national budget than the federal income tax or other federal revenues. The heavier the burden it lays on the taxpayer, the more evident are its defects. It is, whenever possible, passed on to the consumer, through rents. Being dependent on the so-called "value" of the property, it is not adjusted to the size of incomes or profits or other measures of capacity to pay. A householder who is barely able to meet his expenses, or a farmer, or a business which is in the red, has to pay as much on the "value" of land and buildings as a corporation which derives a fat income from use of an equivalent property.

Measures must be taken to transfer a large part of the burden from property taxes to the more equitable and efficient sources of taxation, such as the income tax. Numerous states have begun experiments in this direction. Notable in Governor La Follette's remarkable message to the emergency session of the Wisconsin legislature this winter is the enunciation of the principle that "this emergency will be met as a community and that those who are best able to carry the burden shall carry a proportionate amount of it." In pursuance of this policy, the Governor recommended "an appropriation of a sum sufficient . . . to enable and require every county in the state to reduce the tax upon general property $1.00 per thousand dollars of valuation." In order to pay the bill, increased state income taxes are recommended. And, of course, one of the prime requisites in encouraging states to rely more heavily on income taxation is the enactment of a rebate of federal income taxes up to, say, 25 percent of the total federal tax, in such states as themselves employ income taxation. This would, of course, mean higher federal rates. But it would help to equalize the burden among the states.

This crisis ought to lead to better planning of local development and of local taxation. That is the only lasting road to recovery for the local governments. We can no longer go on in our customary heedless and haphazard course, expecting local property to pay the bill. For the end of that squeezing process is in sight. The orange is dry

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Supreme Court and Interstate Commerce Commission

THE SUPREME COURT under Taft had reached the zenith of reaction, and so any change in its personnel was bound to be ameliorating. Moreover, there was good reason to hope that the new Chief Justice would revert to his more liberal proclivities when first on the Bench; and the new Associate Justice, Owen J. Roberts, had, as special prosecutor in the oil scandals, given signs of understanding the excesses of the profit motive. Yet, nothing is more characteristic of the optimism of American political thought than the uncritical hosannas which greeted two or three liberal decisions in the early days of the reconstituted Court. At once it was assumed that the minority of Holmes, Brandeis and Stone (now unhappily still further reduced by the resignation of Mr. Justice Holmes) had become overnight a permanent majority.

The Court's approval, after condemnation by the Interstate Commerce Commission, of the banker-lawyer trick in the St. Paul reorganization should have given pause regarding the Court's "liberality," at least in the profoundly important domain of railroad regulation. Despite the powerful opposition of financial interests, no government agency has displayed more courage and competence in dealing with the mysteries and machinations of modern finance than the Interstate Commerce Commission. Against it were arrayed all the elements of antediluvian laissez-faire philosophy as well as the more practical exploiters of private profit in public callings. In the St. Paul decision the Supreme Court aligned itself with those who seek to curb the Commission's alert watchfulness of the public interest in the management of railroad properties.

Two recent decisions of the Court more than justify the anxiety which the St. Paul decision aroused. In the St. Paul decision the Chief Justice did not participate. In these recent cases the Chief Justice helped to constitute the majority. Since cases not merely decide a concrete controversy but also indicate a tendency, we must record a definite drift by a majority of the Court, consisting of the remnant of the old Taft majority reënforced by Chief Justice Hughes and Mr. Justice Roberts, to curb the Interstate Commerce Commission in the effective exercise of its powers.

Let us summarize the two recent decisions which occasion these remarks. In the Hoboken Manufacturers' Railroad case, a small railroad and some of the trunk lines quarreled over the basis of dividing between themselves a joint rate for a through haul. The small line claimed that the big ones were taking, as sometimes happens, too fat a share and the Commission decided for the Hoboken road. Upon appeal, the Supreme Court, without considering the fairness of the Commission's ruling, upset the Commission's order on what must appear to a layman as the shabbiest of technicalities.

If we are incapable of understanding the reason for the Court's action, we have the comforting assurance of Mr. Justice Stone, writing for the dissenters, that the objection which the majority found would not "occur to anyone unfamiliar with legal niceties. . . ." It appears that orders of the Commission can take effect only thirty days after issuance. In the Hoboken case, the Commission had ruled that the small road was entitled to a larger share of the division in the joint rate both before and subsequent to its order. But after this order, the Supreme Court decided that the Commission was without authority to order a division of rates as to the past, but did possess the power to order divisions for the future. Because the Commission, in the Hoboken case, did not specifically name a date when its order should become effective, the majority held the order invalid in its entirety.

No wonder that Mr. Justice Stone, speaking for himself as well as for Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis, evinced feeling against such hair-splitting—feeling which breaks through even the icy style of a judicial opinion. Congress had made no technical requirement that the Commission must name a specific date in its order, but merely curtailed "the power of the Commission to make its order effective within thirty days. . . ." Its orders nominally go into effect thirty days after they are made. But even on the majority's own premise, argued the minority, if it be necessary to specify the time of operation of an order, the Commission had plainly intended that its order should become effective at the earliest date permitted by law. Yet, to the majority, the Interstate Commerce Commission seemed to be engaged in the witless game of emitting meaningless words, although the Commission said it was putting a stop to an injustice that big fellows were inflicting upon a little fellow.

The second case also involved a controversy between trunk lines and short lines. It concerned the use of freight cars which travel beyond the owner's lines. Partly to compensate the car-owning railroad for the use of its equipment, partly to penalize the undue detention of cars by a non-owning carrier, the latter is required to pay the former for the car's use. Originally the trunk lines based this charge on mileage. Later, to penalize more effectively, the trunk lines charged a dollar a day per car. The Commission sanctioned the fairness of this *per diem* rule. The Commission, after a nation-wide investigation, found that such a rule would be unfair to short lines, engaged in time-consuming terminal and originating services. To save the penalty rule of the trunk roads and yet be fair to the short lines, the Commission effected a compromise. An initial period was removed from the *per diem* charge against short-line roads. This exempt period was made the same as the two days' "free time" allowed to shippers to load or unload cars which the short line receives from, and returns to, its long-haul connections.

According to Mr. Justice Stone, who again spoke

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also for Holmes and Brandeis, the facts justified this practical solution of a practical problem. The majority of the Court did not deny this. It admitted that a "reasonable degree of latitude must be allowed for the exercise of its [the Commission's] judgment. The mere fact that . . . mathematical accuracy may not be attained is not enough to put upon the Commission's order the stamp of invalidity." But the majority refused to act upon the evidence before the Commission in order to determine whether the Commission had exercised a "reasonable degree of latitude." Inasmuch as the Commission had ruled that a charge of a dollar a day is fair, so ran the Court's reasoning, the exception made by the Commission was in contradiction of the Commission's own general rule. In vain did Mr. Justice Stone urge that the Commission obviously could not have intended any self-contradiction; in vain did his powerful dissenting opinion marshal the evidence that the general rule without the Commission's exception would be unjust.

In both cases the majority of the Court was really disdainful of facts. One would suppose that the task of the Interstate Commerce Commission was not that of regulating the workaday difficulties of a national railroad system, but that of playing a highly sterile and tenuous game of finesse. Certainly, the Supreme Court opinions reflect concerns as remote from the hard realities of trunk lines and short lines and their relationships as did the daily accounts of the Culbertson-Lenz match. Even though the Commission could have had no other purpose than to give the promptest effect to the correction of an injustice, its failure explicitly to mention a date deprives a small railroad of its rights for years. Even though the Commission attached a just exception to a general rule, the exception to the general rule by the Commission proved to the Supreme Court the Commission's intention to deny any such exception.

Whatever may be the wider implications of such obscurantism on the part of the Court, and whether or no they indicate a determined attitude on the part of the majority to rein in the Interstate Commerce Commission, there can be no doubt that these decisions come as an important help to influences which have been seeking to discredit and obstruct governmental railroad control. Under cover of the confusion incident to the depression, many such attempts are afoot. The administration bill for a "reconstruction finance corporation" has sought to cast off the long established Commission control over government loans to carriers. When recently railroad executives and bankers preferred to let the Wabash and Ann Arbor roads go into receivership rather than accept the Commission's proposal for a railroad pool which might have averted receivership, the Pennsylvania put the blame on the Commission. The press eagerly took up the cry, and even the usually sedate financial editor of the The New York Times directed sneers

Happily it seems rather late in the day to try to undermine an agency which for forty-four years has amply justified itself as an instrument of public protection, and never more so than in its recent history. During the post-war era of speculative orgies, the Commission has held fast to sound financial policy. By its decisions, whenever it had jurisdiction, and by warnings, whenever railroad bankers and lawyers found a loophole in the law, it sought to prevent the financial excesses by which the railroads also were sucked into the whirlpool of financial madness. In the Nickel Plate case, some years ago, and more recently in the St. Paul reorganization, bankers and railroad chiefs have been too often opposed to the requirements of sound railroading, and the Commission was the protagonist of conservatism. In our day the conflict has not been so much between railroad and shippers as between the financial controllers of railroads and the great body of investors in railroad securities.

The days ahead will increase and not diminish the need for a strong Commission, whose initiative and independence ought not to be enfeebled by fear of Supreme Court reversals. On the horizon are such vast projects as the Eastern Rail Consolidation applications. In terms of cold cash, some eight billion dollars are at stake. What this implies in the social and industrial life of the country is beyond figures to tell. The Commission should be free to take such action as the meaning of the facts and its own responsible insight may dictate. Not only should the Commission be free, it should feel free. Among every group of men, no matter how high-minded and able, there are always some who are unduly deferential to what is called higher authority. And nothing is more conducive to timidity than the awing authority of the Supreme Court of the United States. Men become weary of fighting, particularly when the opponent comes panoplied in the majesty of Law. Surely the Charles E. Hughes who, in 1907, put the public-service-commission law on the statute books of New York, cannot be unmindful of the imponderables that are involved in recent decisions which, strangely enough, received his concurrence.

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Big Navy Boys

I: *Selling Increased Armament to the Taxpayers*

IN VIOLENTLY attacking President Hoover's naval policy, the Navy League of the United States has precipitated and made appropriate a nationwide discussion of naval armaments. By its tactics and demands it has raised two major issues which include all minor and subsidiary considerations: Who in reality is to control the armament development of the United States? Exactly what is to be defended and by what instrumentalities of diplomacy and arms?

There is the challenge; personalities are irrelevant. Are measures of armament to be determined in fact by the civil branches of the federal government? Or are they to be dictated by the navy bureaucracy, in particular the General Board of the Navy, supported by a powerful array of avid cupidity—an array that includes: place-holders eager for salary increases, promotions and more imposing jobs; armor-plate manufacturers; munition-makers; merchant-marine promoters, as providers of naval auxiliaries; navy-yard communities dependent on naval construction for employment and profits; labor interests, looking for high wages; real-estate boomers, like Congressman Britten; the jingo press, making money out of rabble-rousing; hyphenates, bent on war with England; the anti-Japanese or the pro-Chinese, hunting trouble on the Pacific; merchants selling military and naval supplies—working openly or under cover, with millions of dollars at stake in naval expenditures and huge funds available for propaganda?

If the Constitution of the United States and the long traditions of our history mean anything, then the civil authorities of the federal government are supreme over the military and naval branches. The power to declare war, to raise and support armies and navies and to make rules for the government and regulation of the armed forces is vested in Congress. A civilian official, the President, is made commander-in-chief of the army and navy in peace and war. The language of our fundamental law admits of no doubt.

Granted civilian supremacy in military affairs, we now come to the other phase of the subject: the policy of the United States in foreign affairs. Who is to define that? Under the Constitution this authority is also vested in civil branches of the federal government, particularly in the President and Senate.

Then what policies are possible? Broadly speaking, two. According to one creed, the United States government is to interpret the rights of its citizens and protect their property in all parts of the world and must have an army and navy strong enough to enforce its decisions against any power or combination of powers on earth. Stripped of all verbiage, of perfunctory tributes to parities, ratios and limitations, this is exactly what the propaganda of the Navy League and the navy bureaucrats really means.

On the other hand, there is the policy that defines American interests in terms of the domestic civilization of the United States, that considers only adequate defense of those interests, and proceeds on the assumption of live and let live rather than bombast and threats. This policy is embodied in the Kellogg Pact, in agreements to limit armaments and in open declarations of the President and the State Department. It is summed up tersely, simply and clearly by President Hoover in a statement made on Navy Day, October 27, 1931, as follows:

> The first necessity of our government is the maintenance of a navy so efficient and strong that, in conjunction with our army, no enemy may ever invade our country. The commanding officers of our forces inform me that we are maintaining that strength and efficiency.
>
> Ours is a force of defense, not offense. To maintain forces less than that strength is to destroy national safety; to maintain greater forces is not only economic injury to our people, but a threat against our neighbors and would be righteous cause for ill will among them.
>
> Our problem is to assure the adjustment of our forces to the minimum based upon the outlook in the world; to strive for lower armament throughout the whole world; to promote good will among nations; to conduct our military activities with rigid economy; to prevent extremists on one side from undermining the public will to support our necessary forces, and to prevent extremists on the other side from waste of public funds.

Here then are the issues. Are the civilian branches of the federal government to be really supreme over army and navy bureaucrats, supported by the Navy League and all the interests of cupidity behind them? Is the foreign policy of the United States to be a policy of brag and bluster? Or the policy of adequate defense for truly national interests, conducted on principles of fairness and moderation? Upon the correct answers to these questions hangs the long fate of American civilization. Nothing less than that is now at stake.

In view of the fateful issues involved in the current dispute, it is imperative that a wide and searching inquiry be made into the processes by which the American navy has been built up, public opinion with reference to "national defense" developed and public policies worked out by the

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several branches of the government. No subject is more fraught with meaning for national security and happiness or deserves a more careful scrutiny in the light of realities as distinguished from impulses, emotions and economic machinations. The time is ripe, more than ripe, for a microscopic inquiry into every phase of the subject now before the country. Unhappily, the materials for such an examination are not generally available, owing to the seal of secrecy upon many public and private archives containing vital sources of information; but a beginning should now be made without fear or favor—with nothing but true national security and welfare always in mind.

In getting our bearings with respect to this problem, it is necessary to survey first the central facts in the historical development of the American navy. We may begin with a statistical statement of expenditures for the army and navy of the United States, as presented by the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, June 30, 1930, pages 498-501:

FISCAL YEAR	ARMY	NAVY
1870.....	$ 57,655,676	$ 21,780,230
1880.....	38,116,916	13,536,985
1890.....	44,582,838	22,006,206
1900.....	134,774,768	55,953,078
1910.....	189,823,379	123,173,717
1915.....	202,160,134	141,835,654
1920.....	1,100,865,666	629,893,116
1925.....	357,957,420	326,365,467
1926.....	358,329,076	311,611,694
1927.....	361,987,157	322,620,723
1928.....	400,345,219	337,608,086
1929.....	427,229,834	364,806,678
1930.....	466,284,983	374,052,691

Certain facts stand out indubitably in this table. Treating the figure of 1870 as an exception, on account of its relation to the aftermath of the Civil War, in which the navy figured largely for blockading and fighting purposes, it will be seen that in 1880 the outlay for the navy was at a low point. The next decade may be said to mark the gradual rehabilitation of the navy. By 1890 the expenditure had risen to $22,000,000; by 1900 the figure of 1890 had more than doubled, and since 1900 it has risen almost steadily, leaving out of the reckoning the extraordinary costs of the World War. Between 1927, when the Geneva Arms Conference broke down, and 1930, there were continual increments, in spite of the battleship limitations established by the Washington Conference.

Events "educated" the country to support the naval bureaucracy. And what events? During the decade between 1880 and 1890, when an extraordinary rise in naval expenditures occurred, the Samoan affair produced great chauvinist heat. As early as 1872, Admiral Meade of the United States Navy, while cruising in the South Seas, discovered the island of Tutuila and persuaded a native prince to sign a treaty ceding to the United States a naval base at Pago Pago. When the Senate rejected this tender, President Grant, who seems to have favored annexation right and left, sent an agent to Samoa, a gentleman of dubious past, by the name of Colonel A. B. Steinberger, who fomented a local revolution, made himself prime minister over the natives and placed the islands under American protection. When the Senate, still obdurate, refused to approve this stroke of state, the American flag was boldly hoisted over the official thatch; a local chieftain journeyed to Washington and by dint of negotiation was able to transfer a part of his country to the United States. Of all this, of course, the American people knew little at the time and, if the Senate was right, cared less; but naval officials, missionaries and a few politicians were well aware of the fact, if not of its significance.

Shortly afterwards naval propaganda became general, for a great quarrel arose in the islands among English, Germans and Americans desperately bent on winning commercial advantages, getting possession of land and, to some extent, converting the heathen to Christianity. While the governments of the respective contestants did not officially consider the half-naked primitives and their islands worth a first-class war, they sent ships to the spot, with a view to eventualities. In March, 1889, it was rumored that a German vessel had torpedoed an American ship. "A wave of excitement swept over the country," says the historian of the time, Harry Thurston Peck. . . . "The tone of the press was one of intense hostility to Germany. The government at Washington began preparing for any emergency that might arise. All the vessels of the Pacific squadron were notified to be in readiness." At last the real news came. The rumor had been false. There had been no fighting between Germans and Americans. A frightful hurricane had burst like the wrath of God upon the menacing warships and wrecked every one of them save a lone British craft. After this the three governments were willing to divide the spoils and say no more, but millions in America, who knew nothing about Samoa, who did not know whether a naval base there would be a thing of value or a source of trouble, had felt their sense of national honor stirred. Henceforward, larger naval appropriations were more readily forthcoming from Congress, whose members probably knew little about Samoa either.

Soon other events were precipitated to continue the process of lining up the populace in the big-navy movement. The violent dispute inaugurated with Great Britain over Venezuela made it evident to everyone that, if assertions of authority were to be made by the government of the United States and were to imply war, then provision would have to be made for fighting the war. Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy, Hilary A. Her-

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bert, from the time he took office in 1893, began to urge upon Congress a large program of naval expansion. He declared early that, "If our government in the future is to have naval strength enough to command the peace and be in condition to 'enforce the terms dictated by its sense of right and justice,' it must have more battleships and must build a reasonable number of torpedo boats." But Congress, still under agrarian influences, was stubborn and whittled down Mr. Herbert's program. With the return of the Republicans to power in the House in 1895, the tide turned. In that year he demanded two battleships and at least twelve torpedo boats and received three battleships and ten torpedo boats. By this time the quarrel with Great Britain was at white heat.

Before the Venezuela incident was laid, the Cuban affair appeared on the horizon. Although this controversy was more economic at bottom than the Samoa disturbance, it was also political, journalistic, naval and personal in character. A rigid thesis that the conflict came merely because the capitalists of America, informed by a consciousness of identical interests, forced an innocent government to wage war on Spain and annex her possessions would be at utter variance with the facts in the case—at least the known facts. On the contrary, many of the leading financiers of the country opposed belligerent action in Cuba. After war was declared they supported the government patriotically and sought to do the best they could for themselves in the circumstances. Joseph Pulitzer, a Democratic demogogue, who frankly favored war because he thought that he could make money out of it, was a powerful influence in bringing it on; while J. P. Morgan, the great banker, was originally against it. There is reason for believing that most of the major financiers of the seaboard were opposed to it until they were overwhelmed by popular sentiment, largely press-inspired. The background for naval expansion in this period can be seen more accurately in the papers of a fortuitous politician, Theodore Roosevelt, than in the ledgers and registers of the House of Morgan. More than any other person, he sold navalism and imperialism to an uncritical nation, by political agitation.

Fundamentally, Mr. Roosevelt believed that an occasional war was a good thing for "the moral fiber of the nation" and that projects for international peace and coöperation were to be looked upon with misgivings and even scorn. While the controversy over Venezuela was raging in 1895, he declared to Mr. Lodge: "I most earnestly hope that our people won't weaken in any way on the Venezuela matter. The antics of the bankers, brokers and Anglomaniacs generally are humiliating to a degree. . . . As for the editors of The Evening Post and World, it would give me great pleasure to have them put in prison the minute hostilities began. . . . Personally I rather hope the fight will come soon. The clamor of the peace faction has convinced me that the country needs a war."

Shortly after the Spanish War broke out, Mr. Lodge informed Mr. Roosevelt that the administration was coming around to the policy which they both cherished—namely, that the Philippines were to be seized: "Porto Rico is not forgotten and we mean to have it," and as to Cuba, there was no hurry, since its fate was already determined. To speak summarily, Mr. Roosevelt's war philosophy contemplated annexing Canada, driving all other European powers off the continent, keeping all European powers out of the Western Hemisphere, building the Isthmian canal, and annexing Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines. As he saw things then, war was good for virtue and it realized imperialist ambitions. He looked upon peace advocates with feelings akin to contempt, regarding their theories as chimerical.

Yet, while he entertained these views privately and expressed them freely in confidential letters, he did not present them to the country for discussion and decision. In his public addresses he held to abstractions until the Spanish War brought realities for him to espouse in the forum. For example, in his address before the Naval War College in June, 1897, he confined his remarks to generalities, without mentioning the things he secretly hoped to obtain by war. He paid tribute to peace: "In all our history there has never been a time when preparedness for war was any menace to peace. On the contrary, again and again we have owed peace to the fact that we were prepared for war. . . . Preparation for war is the surest guarantee for peace. Arbitration is an excellent thing." Then there was the antithesis: "But ultimately those who wish to see this country at peace with foreign nations will be wise if they place reliance upon a first-class fleet of first-class battleships, rather than on any arbitration treaty which the wit of man can devise. A really great people, proud and high-spirited, would face all the disasters of war rather than purchase that base prosperity which is bought at the price of national honor. . . . We ask for a great navy partly because we think that the possession of such a navy is the surest guarantee of peace, and partly because we feel that no national life is worth having if the nation is not willing, when the need shall arise, to stake everything on the supreme arbitrament of war, and to pour out its blood, its treasure and tears like water rather than to submit to the loss of honor and renown." In other words, in his private letters Mr. Roosevelt described the substance of things desirable and in his public speeches extolled peace and national honor, apparently without discerning the dichotomy explicitly involved.

For the fiscal year closed shortly before Presi-

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navy amounted to $60,505,978; for the year closed a few months after his departure from Washington, it totaled $115,546,011. In other words, during his tenure the outlay almost doubled. Thenceforward it was generally increased by steady though not spectacular gains until, for reasons of his own, President Wilson came to the conclusion in 1915 that the United States should have a navy second to none—perhaps because he had already come to the personal decision that he would in due time take the country into the World War on the side of the Entente Allies. After Congress declared war on the Central Powers, all objections to expenditures were silenced and at the end of the struggle it appeared that the United States had decided to take the place of Great Britain as the first sea power of the world. On this theory, it seems, rivalry in construction went on apace until after the Washington Conference, when naval expenditures seemed to reach a "normal" level five times above the annual appropriations at the opening of the century. Now comes the insistence on the part of the Navy League that the government shall build up to the limits fixed by the London Naval Conference.

For all practical purposes, the fighting navy and the civil merchant marine are parts of the same thing, and hence it is also necessary to consider the latter branch of the sea power. On the statute books of the United States there reposes a series of laws designed to promote the development of the American merchant marine, including the important act of 1920 and the still more important measure of 1928, supplemented by elaborating and amending details.

The great shipbuilding concerns which construct warcraft for the government also construct ships for the merchant marine. Naturally, the more building the better it is for them and all the collateral enterprises dependent upon them.

Thus naval defense, which might be considered on its technological merits if the government built or bought its own war vessels and relied solely upon them for fighting purposes, becomes organically rooted in the vast network of private interests engaged in building and operating merchant ships. In these circumstances it is no longer possible to separate an inquiry into one part from an examination of the whole complex. And in point of fact the testimony and the documents developed at the hearings on W. B. Shearer's "Alleged Activities at the Geneva Conference" show conclusively that naval and merchant-marine propaganda or publicity (though some of it was not very "public") has been carried on by the same parties and, to a large extent, paid for by men having private economic interests at stake in the increase of both marine branches of the United States.

A single document, illustrating the process, may

13, 1929, written by Mr. C. L. Bardo, vice-president of the American Brown Boveri Electrical Company, and president of the New York Shipbuilding Company, and addressed to Mr. E. M. Herr, president of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, asking him to contribute for his concern the sum of $5,000 toward the expenses of promoting merchant-marine legislation. (This letter is Exhibit 82, printed on pages 653-654 of the Hearings of the Subcommittee of the Committee on Naval Affairs, Seventy-first Congress, first session, pursuant to S. Res. 114. Government Printing Office, 1930.) The communication opens: "The Jones-White merchant-marine bill as passed by the last Congress is the most helpful and constructive national shipping legislation ever presented to the American shipping public. . . . As a direct result of the passage of the Jones-White bill a number of remunerative foreign mail routes have been advertised and some contracts let." In other words, here was an important law in the interest of the "shipping public," if not the American public. And how was this bill carried? According to the theory of the school books, it was introduced in Congress by a member, gravely debated, and carried as a result of argumentation and deliberation; but Mr. Bardo offers another version.

He says to Mr. Herr: "This legislation was only made possible by the energetic help of Mr. Wilder [former president and stockholder of the American Brown Boveri Company, of which the New York Shipbuilding Company was a subsidiary] and his associates in the transoceanic enterprise, with the help and coöperation of other shipping and shipbuilding interests. . . . This activity was carried on in the interests of the shipper, shipbuilder, shipowner and suppliers of materials used in ship construction. . . . Several months were spent in Washington by Mr. Wilder and his staff, explaining and educating Congress as to the need of an adequate merchant marine, privately owned and operated." Now this enterprise was expensive; it cost $150,000 to explain and to educate—an amount distributed under the following heads: publicity and advertising, salaries of staff engaged on merchant-marine legislation duties, services of experts, hotel expenses in Washington ($23,000), office expenses, traveling expenses and miscellaneous. Besides its own subscription, the American Brown Boveri Electrical Company raised $41,500 from the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, the Sun Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, the Worthington Pump and Machinery Corporation, the General Electric Company, the Babcock and Wilcox Company and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company (Senate Document above cited, p. 682). In other words, the activities which "made possible" the legislation were paid for by parties that

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Hence the merchant marine is in the naval game, and here is the delightful paradox. On the one hand we are told that a big navy is necessary to protect the merchant marine in all waters of the world; the bigger the merchant marine, the bigger the navy needed. On the other hand we are informed that, since merchant ships are to be armed in wartime, we must have more of them to strengthen the navy. According to this logic we must build more fighting ships to defend the merchant ships and more merchant ships to defend the navy. With great cogency, Senator Walsh of Massachusetts expounded this beautiful creed during the hearings on the London Pact in 1930. Three cheers for old Ireland, down with the British and more jobs in shipyards!

CHARLES A. BEARD.

In his second article, to appear next week, Dr. Beard will discuss naval experts and the propaganda carried on in favor of a big navy in this country. —THE EDITORS.

A Business Men's Strike

"YOU MIGHT as well see the sun while you starve as starve in the mines. Workin' or strikin' you starve." The speaker was a tall, lanky mountaineer leading the pickets at a Paisley mine in the Panhandle of West Virginia. He was standing by a crudely printed sign, which read, "United Mine Workers on Strike. Keep out."

Last June, before the strike, these miners had been working five full days a week. Yet it took the combined efforts of every relief agency in the county, private and public, to bring their incomes up to a living level. Every single worker, except for a handful of machinists and daymen, was on the lists of a charity agency. They suffered from most of the conditions which affect other regions as well. To detail their grievances would be to repeat an old story.

In the spring, convinced that it was hopeless to go on working in this way, these miners struck. They were unorganized, and there had been no union in the field since the collapse of the strike of 1924, but that did not stop them from walking out in force, practically every man. Union, policy, tactics—those were all matters of secondary concern. What was of primary importance was to strike, to get out of the mines and refuse to go back until the company granted elementary improvements.

The strikers held a mass meeting to decide on their procedure. The first thing to do was to affiliate with a national union which could support and direct them. They all knew the United Mine Workers of America. Most of them had once belonged to it, but its disastrous leadership in the last strike and its subsequent policy of local agreements had caused the miners to lose faith in it. Some of the men had heard of the militant activity of the National Miners' Union in Pennsylvania and Ohio. It was led by the Communists, but that to the miners was incidental. It was a fighting union, which was what they wanted.

So they sent to Bristol, Ohio, across the river, for National Miners' Union organizers to come to the mass meeting which the strikers had called. Two organizers came in response to the call and one of them addressed the meeting. Following his address a substantial majority of the strikers voted to join the National Miners' Union. But before the miners could take any steps to give effect to this vote, a group of local business men banded in an organization called the Wreckers, took the organizers off the platform and hustled them out of town.

Then a gray-haired striker got up and said, "That's what happens when you join a union that don't have a charter from the American government. That crowd has a charter from Roosha, it ain't part of the A. F. of L., and there ain't no American government which will give them reconization."

So a majority of the meeting promptly voted to join the United Mine Workers instead.

To this the business men raised no objection. On the contrary, turning to the miners, they said, "Now don't misunderstand us, we're with you in this strike. It is to our interest as well as yours that you get paid enough to support this community. It is to our interest that the company store be abolished. We can't live any more than you can if Paisley compels you to do most of your buying from him. We know you fellows, we like you, and we want to see you get a square deal, but we can't allow any foreign radical union to get started in this town. We'll back you as long as you stick with the United Mine Workers."

After the new local was organized, the high command of the United Mine Workers officially took over the strike. They flooded the community with "moral support." The district officials sent messages of reassurance. On several occasions, subdistrict and district officers and even international representatives made speeches to the strikers and told them to stick it out to the end. But relief and strike benefits—these were different matters. This strike, they explained, was not called by the international office of the United Mine Workers. The union merely "took the strike over" when the men had asked them to. That made a great differ-

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ence. The United Mine Workers paid benefits and sent strike relief only when the international itself ordered the strike. Its funds were low and had to be conserved for matters of high international policy.

Furthermore, in this particular situation, there was no reason why the international should send relief to its striking members in the West Virginia Panhandle, for had not the local business men promised the workers relief and support and were they not keeping their word? In all truth, relief was coming steadily from this quarter, now that the ghost of the National Miners' Union was laid. The whole business community was lined up in support of the strike. Merchants and housewives solicited contributions of funds, food and clothes. Storekeepers who contributed hung signs in their windows reading: "We support the United Mine Workers on Strike." It was just like the annual autumn charity drive.

The chief backers of the strike, astonishing as it may seem, were local minority stockholders of the Paisley Company. We found that one of them, a physician, was glad to talk freely. He had been employed for several years as the company doctor. He was paid $1,100 a month, out of which he furnished his equipment and paid his nurses and assistants. The company fired him some months before the outbreak of the strike and hired a young doctor in his place for $600 a month. But the cut for the doctor on the miners' pay check remained as large as before.

The doctor was in an exceptional position to understand the miners' grievances. He had, according to reports, served them with extraordinary conscientiousness and skill, traits apparently unusual in company doctors, who commonly seem more interested in economizing for the company that hires them than in aiding the men they are paid to serve. Still, many miners were somewhat suspicious and puzzled as to how this doctor, owning a substantial block of Paisley stock, could "go against his own interests."

"Well, I'm not going against my own interest at all," he explained. "I spent $19,000 of my hard-earned money for this stock, and I haven't had a cent in dividends for a long time. As the industry is run now, I see mighty little chance of ever getting any return on my money. The companies have shown themselves absolutely incapable of coöperating. They make price agreements and then go out and cut each other's throats a half-hour later. There's only one force that can make them see sense, and that's organized labor. A union agreement compelling them to raise wages will make them raise prices to cover the wage increases. When they learn to work together to get a good enough price to cover wages, they'll get one good enough to pay dividends. That's our only hope."

The one group in the community which was politicians, particularly the sheriff of the county. Accustomed to being subservient to the coal operators, this official opposed the strike in the usual fashion. But when he realized that the whole voting community was solidly behind the miners, he tried to change his tune. Reluctant to use his own deputies and align himself with the company on the eve of an election, he claimed that the situation was beyond his capacity and asked the Governor for state police. The Governor complied with his request, and the state police came in, not to supplement the force of the county authorities, as is usually the case in labor troubles, but to substitute for it. Representing an authority beyond the reach of the local community, the state police effectively guard the interests of the absentee coal owners. But passing the buck in this way did not win back to the sheriff the confidence he lost.

The situation at these mines has thus become to all intents and purposes a strike of the local storekeepers and professional men against the absentee big-business interests. The miners are the instruments of the business men, the weapon with which they are fighting an alien corporation depriving them of a decent livelihood as merchants and small investors.

And the striking miners, led by the respectable and 100-percent-American United Mine Workers' officialdom, and fed by the respectable and 100-percent-American business men, are carrying on a caponized strike, the most spiritless in the history of organized mine labor.

STERLING D. SPERO AND
JACOB BROCHES ARONOFF.

Silence

There is a noise within the brow
That pulses undiminished now
In accents measured by the blood.
It breaks upon my solitude—
A hammer on the crystal walls
Of sense at rapid intervals.
It is the unmelodic ring
Before the breaking of a string,
The wheels of circumstance that grind
So terribly within the mind,
The spirit crying in a cage
To build a complement to rage,
Confusion's core set deep within
A furious, dissembling din.

If I should ever seek relief
From that crazed monotone of grief,
The tight nerves leading to the throat
Would not release one riven note:
What shakes my skull to disrepair
Shall never touch another ear.

THEODORE ROETHKE.

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Austria: the Heart of the Storm

IN FULL CRISIS.—I thought that Berlin was the saddest place in Europe, until I got to Vienna. Bad as Berlin is, one at least has the feeling that it is the capital of a country which could once again be made a going concern; if France would only take her knife from German Michael's throat, restoration would be possible, though certainly far from easy. But Vienna is a museum piece. It is the capital of an empire which no longer exists and can never be reconstituted. Sensible people do not regret the passing of that empire, and there can be very few mad enough to attempt its restoration; but these facts do not alter the appalling predicament of several million people who, even when times were good in the rest of the world, were unable to make a living in the economic monstrosity, the "head without a body," which is Austria today. Their predicament may be no worse, but it seems so when it is compared with the charming, happy-go-lucky existence once enjoyed by so many of the inhabitants of the unusually lovely city which is their capital.

Today, fear stalks the streets of Vienna. It is hard to say whether the crisis is worse here or in Budapest, but one place or the other must certainly be awarded the unhappy honor of being at the very heart of Europe's storm. Just as last summer's debacle, so tardily halted by the Hoover moratorium, began with the collapse of the Credit Anstalt, a huge Austrian bank, so the experts in a dozen capitals expect that this winter's slide to ruin may begin here on the banks of the Danube. Austria's currency is inadequately secured, and as in other European countries, a flight of capital is in progress and the measures employed to halt it are of little avail. These measures, and others foolishly imposed as part of the pandemic contagion of chauvinism, are proving a terrific handicap to foreign trade, both import and export. There is a dreadful and increasing burden of unemployment; and while the workless are not treated with the wretched cruelty which is meted out to them in the United States (alone in the entire world), and are aided as a matter of right and not of charity, their lot is unhappy enough. Everyone knows about Vienna's great blocks of municipal apartment houses, which are let at absurdly low rentals; but not everyone knows that in order even to get on the long waiting list, one must qualify as being desperately poor. There are all too many—not to say the whole population—who can meet this requirement.

Yet with it all, the people of Vienna retain their courage. Indeed, no European country, however deeply distressed, which I have visited is one-half so gloomy as was the United States in the early autumn of 1931. My countrymen not only holler before they're hurt, but during the process and long afterwards. Europe has been through so much misery in the past thirteen years that it has learned to shrug its shoulders over happenings which to Americans would seem a combination of the Flood, Armageddon and whatever it was that afflicted Job. Vienna still strolls on the Ringstrasse, still throngs the coffee houses for free newspapers and freer conversation, continues to go nightly to opera and operetta. Said a wise Viennese to me: Tell an inhabitant of this city that Austrian soldiers cannot fight, or that Austrian diplomats are a pack of cringing curs, and he is likely to shrug his shoulders with indifference. But suggest that Vienna is not the musical center of the world, and you will immediately find yourself with a war on your hands.

Austria surrenders.—Diplomats with whom I talked in Vienna told me with the greatest freedom that the events of the past few months had detached their country from Germany and had put her, however reluctantly, at the tail of the French cart. They considered the Austro-German customs union of course completely dead, and the Anschluss—the union with Germany—postponed for at least a generation. "What can we do?" they asked, and then repeated, in striking fashion, what I had heard in Berlin. "France has all the power, and intends to use it solely for her own aggrandizement. Germany is at last defeated and hopeless. For years, she has been counting on aid from Great Britain or the United States, hoping that these countries would intervene and compel France to be reasonable. England and America have not the power, even if they had the will, to help. We must take from France such terms as we can get. If they are hard terms, so much the worse for us." When I suggested, perhaps with American optimism, that with the next election France may move to the Left, and the new government may of its own accord take a more reasonable position, they shook their heads sadly and smiled. We have been here in Central Europe for a long time, they said in effect, but we have yet to see any government, whatever its supposed political theories, which acts other than in accordance with *Realpolitik*. A French government of the Left which tried to be really friendly to Germany and Austria would find itself promptly thrown out.

Patronizing Prussia.—Perhaps it was due to the chance selection of individuals to be interviewed, but I got a strong impression from several Austrians that they were not now, and never had been.

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enthusiastic over the idea of throwing in their lot with Germany. That, they said scornfully, was just something the politicians worked up for the advancement of their own careers. It might aid Austria's economic position in the long run, but who could get excited about joining a country in such a plight as Germany's present one? Anyhow, Germany is dominated by Prussia, and no loyal Viennese thinks very highly of the Prussians. This is probably in part due to religious differences—the Austrians are good Catholics—but the explanation most frequently heard was based on quite different reasons. Vienna, my friends explained, is the real center of Germanic culture. It was a flourishing city (with Marcus Aurelius as one of its inhabitants) two millennia ago when the Prussians were still hiding behind the trees in the great northern forests.

Paralyzed industry.—Austria is like other European countries, terror-stricken lest its currency should again go to pieces as it did in those dreadful days nine years ago. Hence it puts elaborate restrictions on the export of money, even when that export is part of the process of foreign trade. No one is allowed to leave Austria with more than about $50 in cash, and although this rule is tacitly ignored for the benefit of foreign tourists, it is strictly enforced against natives. Moreover, those with deposits of money in foreign banks were some time ago required, as in Germany, to declare them to the government, which took them over, giving Austrian schillings in exchange.

Shortly before I arrived in Vienna an incident took place which showed how this rule sometimes acts to defeat the government's purpose—assuming that purpose to include keeping the Austrians at work. A merchant in Vienna had ordered from abroad a shipment of goods, and these had arrived by sea at a French port. To get them, he was required to pay for them at this point; but under the new ruling he was not permitted to buy foreign exchange in Vienna for the purpose. Years ago, he, like other Austrians, had put away a nest egg of a few thousand dollars in a Swiss bank; and he now went to the authorities and revealed this fact. "Won't you," he asked, "permit me to send this money from Switzerland to France, pay for my goods and import them into Austria? People need them, I shall make a profit, and bringing them in and selling them will give employment to Austrians."

To which the government replied: "Thank you for telling us about your money in Switzerland. We ought to put you in prison for not notifying us sooner, but we are soft-hearted. We shall merely take it over, paying you the equivalent in schillings, and you certainly may not send this sum to France to pay for your goods."

These restrictions, plus the new and greatly increased tariffs, have brought Austria's foreign trade almost to a standstill. In some cases shopkeepers who carry imported goods are selling off their present stock without making any plans for replenishing their shelves. Persons who have recently crossed the Hungarian frontier tell me that the new difficulties imposed on trade are reflected in absurdly high prices for food on the Austrian side, and absurdly low ones in Hungary, which used to be her neighbor's grocery store and butcher shop. This is true despite the partial failure of Hungary's wheat this autumn, and the certainty that she has not enough food to keep her population alive through the winter.

Everything but an orchestra.—"There will be another *putsch* (attempted revolution) day after tomorrow," said an American journalist to me.

"Really? How do you know?"

"Oh, everyone knows. It's supposed to be secret, but these things get around. It's too big a fact to be shared by so many people without leaks. Tomorrow it will be in the Vienna newspapers, and that may frighten the Heimwehr off for awhile. I hope it does. To cover the *putsch,* we have to go down to Styria, near the Hungarian border. There used to be a very good train, with a wagon-restaurant, leaving at just the right hour in the morning—the *putsch* train, everyone called it. But the Austrian state railways are trying to economize, and have taken it off."

The American journalist was wrong this time, as it happened. Forty-eight hours passed, and there was no uprising of the Austrian Fascists. Nevertheless, it is still an imminent peril. Two months earlier, it will be remembered, there was an attempted Fascist revolution in Austria, which lasted just one day. The revolutionists were so inept that they did not even have sense enough to seize the telephone exchanges, the first objective in every modern coup d'état. Even so, they might easily have won; their failure was chiefly due to mixed signals because of which some districts rose prematurely. And they are so strong that the government does not dare punish their leaders by anything more than a couple of sharp growls. They constitute, in fact, as grave a menace to Austria as Hitler does to Germany, and one which is almost exactly similar.

National planning—for what?—In Russia the Communists told me, what I had expected to hear, that planning is impossible in the capitalistic world. The law of laissez-faire, they said, is the law of the jungle. Planning means the suppression, perhaps the abolition, of everything that capitalism lives by. Capitalism will continue on its old lines until it goes altogether smash.

I thought of the Russians when I observed what national planning has done recently in Central Europe. While it is of course unfair to identify such planning with what is advocated now in the United States, it is true that such Central European national planning as has been put into effect in the past year

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has without exception been harmful in its effects upon economic life. Everyone knows that what Europe needs is a rapid reduction of tariffs looking toward eventual free trade. Instead, she is building customs barriers which are higher and higher, and impeding the flow of goods by all the other hindrances which I have mentioned. The governments whose credit is insecure come to look upon money, not as a medium of exchange whose purpose is to facilitate trade, but as an end in itself, to be hoarded. In hoarding it, they are running a serious risk of starving their peoples to death.

Vienna nocturne.—With all their troubles, as I have suggested, the Austrians manage to keep cheerful. Their favorite saying is the remark of the statesman who observed: "Austria's position is desperate—but not serious," meaning, "What's one more crisis on top of so many others?"

Quite the oddest evening I have had here was when a group of friends took me to a beer-cellar for dinner (beginning about 11 P.M.). We were mostly Austrian and American journalists; the beer-cellar was low-ceiled, smoky, full of the clatter of dishes, and cursed intermittently by terrific blasts of noise from a pseudo-peasant brass band. The expert observers present shouted across the table at one another, telling doleful news casually, between deep draughts of pale beer. Two of them had attended the Central European monetary conference, and reported that it had been a flat failure. No country would trust any other; Austria was least amenable of all. The expert on Hungary, who had just come back from Budapest, reported that conditions there were worse than at any time since the War. The band blared on; the smoke grew heavier. The probability of another attempted revolution in Austria that week was considered; opinion seemed about equally divided as to whether it would come now or later. The beer disappeared with the customary rapidity and the sweating waiter was kept on the run, bringing more. He hooked all his ten fingers through the glass handles of the steins, and carried six or eight at a time. It was agreed around the table that the chances were, perhaps, two in five that there would be another general European war, two in five that the economic system would cave in, with results about like those in the inflation of '23, one in five that things would be patched up for the present by the French.

At last the rotund little Austrian journalist who knows more about Central Europe than any two diplomats you can name, smothered a yawn and glanced at his watch. "Well," he said, "collapse of capitalist civilization or not, I'm going to bed." With the usual amiable bickerings about the bill, we trooped up the stairs and out into the quiet early morning street. Behind us, the band could still be heard faintly; and overhead was a sky full of stars, their glory fading slowly in preparation for a new day.

Vienna. BRUCE BLIVEN.

The Music That Is Broadcast

THE YOUNG president of an American system of broadcasting stations returns from abroad, and is asked what he thinks of European broadcasting.

"Well," he replies, "they are progressing rapidly, but they haven't made anything like the strides that we have. This, I think, is because of the lack of competition over there."

This idea—that American programs are better, because competition among privately owned stations is better than, say, England's public monopoly[1]—is the idea of most Americans. But everything depends on the objectives of competition or monopoly; and often the superior objectives of English broadcasting result in programs incomparably finer than our own. In its handling of so-called classical music, for one thing, the B.B.C. offers a model of correct use of the new medium, beside which American practice must be judged inferior.

Because it recognizes an obligation to an important part of our cultural heritage, and to the important minority who are interested in it, the B.B.C. keeps the masterworks of musical literature constantly on view in rotation (thus, it rotates Bach's church cantatas on Sundays); provides hearings of minor works and those interesting for historical or other reasons; keeps the British public informed of the work of living composers; makes it aware of the achievements of British composers dead and living; and devotes a short period each evening to music infrequently heard and little known ("Foundations of Music"). It broadcasts several full-length chamber-music and symphony concerts each week from the studio and concert hall, including its own series of orchestral concerts in Queen's Hall —the programs ranging from Bach to Hindemith, with a few devoted to contemporary music exclusively. It broadcasts complete operas—"Pelléas et Mélisande" among others—from the studio, and complete acts—of German as well as Italian operas

[1] Broadcasting in England is a government monopoly, but not, as Americans have been misled to believe, under government control. The monopoly is in the hands of the British Broadcasting Corporation, which the government created, and to which it assigns part of the $2.50 a year that it collects from owners of receiving sets, but which is self-governing under the terms of its charter. The B. B. C., then, is a public-utility corporation in the real, as opposed to the American, sense of the [illegible]

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public performances of works which ordinary concert organizations would find too expensive—Schönberg's "Gürrelieder," Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex." And it now gives and broadcasts the famous summer Promenade Concerts. Beyond its broadcasting, then, the B.B.C. makes a large and important contribution to London musical events for which even the concertgoer must be grateful. And the person who stays at home is sure of hearing the best music every evening, usually one or two hours of it. This is only a minor part of the evening's time on the two wave lengths, and there is nearly always an alternative program; hence the B.B.C. stands firm in the face of opposition. It realizes, also, that only if the music is performed can people discover that they like it; and results have in fact justified the B.B.C.'s working rule, "Give the public something slightly better than it now thinks it likes."

The preceding account is based on examination of London programs for August, 1930, November, 1930, and March, 1931: evenings from six, Sunday all day, and the two wave lengths—National and London Regional—to which a low-priced receiving set might be restricted. Examining New York programs for the same periods, one discovers that in November, for example, there are five evenings a week in which the two wave lengths of the National Broadcasting Company do not carry a note of the major works of the great composers; that the Columbia Broadcasting System is only one evening better; and that on three evenings a week there is nothing from all wave lengths combined. There is only one full-length, first-class symphony concert a week, that of the New York Philharmonic; and, for a few weeks, one hour of the Detroit Orchestra (the Philadelphia Orchestra is heard for an hour four times during the season; the Boston Symphony not at all). There is the one full-length Lewisohn chamber-music concert a week, which is not very good; and a good performance of one work by the Perole Quartet. Once in three or four weeks John Barclay's fifteen-minute period is given to German *Lieder* and other good songs. As for totals: N.B.C.'s two wave lengths offer two hours a week, as against the B.B.C.'s thirteen; Columbia, three hours; all wave lengths combined nine hours, of which four are on Sunday. On three weekdays, then, the listener can hear nothing; and on Sunday he cannot listen to all that is offered. Moreover, the programs are not the equal of the B.B.C.'s programs in either range or quality of music. The organizations I have mentioned are conservative, and at that they cover only part of the standard literature; the weekly hour of the National Oratorio Society is devoted to Gounod, Elgar and Deems Taylor more often than to Bach; the weekly broadcast of the Chicago Opera occurs on Saturday, which is the "pop" night (and the hour from 10:00 to 11:00 is assigned without

All this is supposed to be inevitable with commercialization. The American broadcasting station gets its revenue from the sale of time and programs to advertisers (and conserves this revenue, incidentally, by shifting to advertisers the cost of expensive features). In theory the public gains by the competition among advertisers to provide attractive programs; but in fact only a part of the public gains. The advertiser is out to please the largest number; and the largest number, he thinks, does not want classical music. Thus, when Station WBZ, Springfield, broadcast the regular Saturday-night concerts of the Boston Symphony in 1926, it was because the orchestra's fee and the line charges were paid by "a public-spirited citizen of Boston who used symphony broadcasts in the advertising of his coffee business." And after two seasons he decided his coffee would be better advertised by the concerts at the Hotel Touraine.

Today the advertiser satisfies the public's interest in the celebrated fiddlers and singers whom it hears and reads about. But he presents them as fiddlers and singers; and his only concern with music is that it be what people want. Atwater Kent and other advertisers present Gigli, Ponselle and other such singers in popular operatic arias and numbers like "Song of India," "Liebestraum," "Santa Lucia" and "The Rosary"; and up to the last minute there are replacements of numbers which it is feared are not popular enough. Commercial programs of orchestral music, such as the General Electric Hour under Walter Damrosch, include occasionally a single movement of a popular symphony, but chiefly numbers like Rubinstein's "Melody in F," Massenet's "Elegy," Händel's "Largo," Delibes' "Sylvia," "Flight of the Bumble Bee," "Turkey in the Straw," "Whispering Hours," "Heart Wounds."

The programs of advertisers take up almost all the evening time of the stations, leaving only a few scattered snippets (time being sold in short periods) which are not suitable for the regular concerts of any of the orchestras, or any program of concert length. N.B.C. broadcasts only a half-hour of "Wozzeck"; and then the listener is reminded every few minutes that he is hearing the broadcast through the courtesy of the American X— Company, which has graciously surrendered the time, the final announcement being made while the music is still being performed. And an important by-product of commercialization may be noted here: cutting the evening into little snippets of time results in programs of little snippets of music. Philco crowds six or seven numbers into its weekly half-hour, besides sales-talks and announcements. The result: no more than one movement of any symphony (if two movements, then from two different symphonies); this, or any long number, atrociously cut; and everything atrociously speeded up. "We play everything faster now—have to," Howard Barlow, Philco's conductor, is quoted as saying. "It's the new expression, that's all. The faster tempo doesn't distort the music. It sounds just as

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well faster. The quick nervousness of our current interpretation of the master scores puts a new vitality into them."

The broadcasting station itself, which might balance the popular music in commercial periods with classical music in unsold time, is out to create as large a permanent audience as it can, so that it may better sell its time, and therefore shows the same desire to please, the same fear to displease, the majority. N.B.C., which offers a string quartet for half an hour once a week in August, 1930, withdraws even this inadequate offer by November: not enough stations of the network would buy it, and therefore not enough people wanted it (on the other hand, the price may have been too high). We see here the unwillingness to lose the majority listener for as much as a half-hour; yet, with the competition among stations, he is bound to shift from one to the other, and they might interest different groups at different times, as the B.B.C. does.

There are exceptions, and their success proves, among other things, that the broadcasters are too timid. Philco, advertising itself with Stokowski and his Philadelphia Orchestra in a special series, accepts what he chooses to play; and Columbia, for the same reason, accepts Toscanini's New York Philharmonic programs. The names, they figure, have sufficient advertising value even with the music, and make the music itself acceptable. But actually the music is quite inoffensive: Stokowski's intransigence is no more than another advertising point (and in this quite typical of him), for, having made the necessary hullabaloo with Stravinsky's "Sacre," he plays only the Franck symphony, Mozart's G-minor symphony and other favorites; while Toscanini's programs are notoriously conservative. And actually people listen to this music because, given a chance to hear it, they find it interesting. From this it appears that the British working rule is the correct one; also that American broadcasters, in their fear of exceeding the limit of what the public will accept, do not even reach this limit; and finally, that the limit itself is a product of their own timidity: afraid that the public might not like classical music, they created a fear of it in people unacquainted with it, and then deferred to this fear.

The same timidity operates in the time that *is* assigned to classical music. The reasons for assigning it vary. The executives of N.B.C. claim to know from their surveys that the public doesn't want classical music; but they claim also to have ideals—ideals, they contend, which certain practical difficulties make it impossible to attain at once, but which they know better than impractical idealists how to attain in the long run, and toward which they are moving, slowly, all the time (an impractical idealist might answer that they want to sacrifice ideals and have them). Columbia, on the other hand, poses as a "quality" broadcasting system which offers the best to a public that wants it; and *its* surveys reveal a great hunger for classical music. A certain period, then—all of a half-hour or an hour—is assigned; but at once the broadcasters begin to worry: the music may be too difficult, a whole symphony may be too taxing (and besides they will sooner give a single movement from each of four quartets, as Columbia does in its Continental String Quartet period, than all four movements of one quartet). One must not go too fast, they argue; one must educate the public by degrees; though after several years of such education the question arises whether it is not rather the broadcasters who need simple courage. And though this half-hour is supposedly for persons who need no preliminary education, who already appreciate the best music and are accustomed to hearing quartets and symphonies in their entirety, nevertheless the program is adjusted to the unknown capacities of anyone else who may tune in; and so, after all, the half-hour is not given to the best music and to the public which wants it. The broadcasters, it appears, will satisfy this more sophisticated minority, if it will be satisfied with what the less sophisticated majority can appreciate. The greater right of the greater number is not merely a right to the greater amount of time, as in England; it is deferred to in every period.

At each step one encounters this business of ostensibly—and ostentatiously—giving the best, and really not giving it. In the case of WOR, which offers the Perole Quartet and Bamberger Little Symphony, it is merely a fear of maintaining a high level throughout: a Mozart quartet or Haydn symphony is followed by "Cielo e Mar" or "Dance of the Hours" from "La Gioconda." (This is called balancing the program, a balanced program being one that has something to displease every taste.) But N.B.C. presents "Works of Great Composers" (thirty minutes once a week, for one month out of every two or three), but not always great composers, and not their great works. Beethoven, for example, is represented by the last movement of his *First* Symphony and the Overture, "Coriolanus"; and for the rest by unimportant works. Mozart is represented by one movement from the "Jupiter" symphony and an aria from "The Marriage of Figaro"; and for the rest by youthful trifles. And Debussy and Sibelius, too, are utterly misrepresented by trivial or minor works. N.B.C. also offers "Pro Musica" (forty-five minutes once a week, for four weeks): "A program bound by no traditions except that of the finest music presented by the best artists. The result of extensive research and critical effort, Pro Musica should be a chapter in the progress of radio towards high standards in unusual and excellent music." All of which seems excessive for a program consisting of Ravel's "Ma Mère l'Oye" and the "Dream Pantomime" from "Hänsel und Gretel"; or a Wagner program of popular excerpts from the early "Flying Dutchman" and "Lohengrin." As for N.B.C.'s studio broadcasts of opera (one hour a week), only the "essentials" are broadcast—in other words, the

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best known barrel-organ excerpts; and for the most part only the barrel-organ operas: "Cavalleria," "Pagliacci," "Gioconda," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Aida," "Carmen."

Columbia provides a striking example. It claims to broadcast the New York Philharmonic as part of its campaign for the best music, and in response to the demand for this music. The Philharmonic concerts end in April, and for the same audience Columbia continues with a symphonic hour of its own: "For one hour we bring you a great symphony orchestra; a guest artist of world renown, in the person of Toscha Seidel, one of the great violinists of today; and a program chosen from the best in the world's instrumental repertoire." But though the audience is the same, the music is not. Featuring Seidel at each concert means showy concerti and trashy little pieces like "Tambourin Chinois," which are never heard at symphony concerts. A Brahms concerto is too much for one Sunday; it must be divided between two. And for the orchestra there are chosen, outside of Mozart's G-minor, only the light numbers that appear on "pop" programs or possibly at the end of a regular program: Saint-Saëns' "Rouet d'Omphale," Charpentier's "Impressions d'Italie," Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite," Ippolitov-Ivanov's "Caucasian Sketches," a polka from "Schwanda," a dance from "The Bartered Bride," and so on (the orchestra, incidentally, is nondescript, the conductor anonymous, the performances terrible).

More absurd: as evidence of Columbia's interest in classical music, an executive sends me an announcement of "Savino Tone-Pictures":

> In presenting programs over WABC, Mr. Savino feels he has a great opportunity to develop an interest in the best music and to bring his own imaginative works to a larger public. He has great faith in American musical ideals, and believes that the standard of appreciation is improving rapidly.

Here is a specimen program:

"Blue Is the Night"	Fischer
Intermezzo, "Gay and Wistful"	Savino
"Ay, Ay, Ay"	
"In Tientsin"	Savino, etc.

Here, also, is a program of an R.C.A. hour in which, "in addition to a half-hour of dance music, a quarter-hour will be devoted to the works of American composers and the same period to compositions of international fame":

"Syncopated Love Song"	Suesse
"Lotus Land"	Scott
"Mood in Blue"	Pollack
"Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time"	Shilkret
"Air de Ballet"	Chaminade
"Memory"	Shilkret
"The Rosary"	Nevin
Introduction and Tarantelle	Sarasate

A "General Motors Family Party" devoted to "Music of Living Composers":

Aria, "Cavalleria Rusticana"	Mascagni
Madrigal	Chaminade
"Country Gardens"	Grainger
"Pomp and Circumstance"	Elgar

It becomes evident that behind the timidity which produces these grand empty gestures is ignorance; and that the important difference between English and American broadcasting is the difference between the people in control there and here. It is not because they have a monopoly and are assured the revenue they need that the B.B.C. executives handle classical music as they do; but because they are men for whom such things are important. In other words, they would do pretty much the same thing even under American conditions; and American broadcasters, on the other hand, would act as they do even if they had a free hand. What has been fatal to American broadcasting is not that it has been commercialized, but that commercialization has placed it in the hands of the American commercial class with its ignorance, indifference or even contempt for anything "highbrow." American broadcasters either don't feel obliged to give classical music; or if they do, they don't know what it is; and then they are sure they give a great deal of it, and become impatient with criticism. The Big Executive of radio, whose tastes incline away from Wagner operas and symphony concerts, and toward "a good singer in a good song," and who thinks that his love of music goes as far as anyone's need go—the Big Executive, looking about him, finds that good, or good enough, music *is* being broadcast, and decides that the people who complain are cranks who deserve no consideration from sensible, busy executives. "Hour for hour, we get more good music here than they do in England," he says to a critic. "All they get over there is religious speeches. Your statements are not based on careful examination of the facts." And in a public address he announces, "We do not need any highbrows to tell us what is good."

This means that while there may be changes, improvements, there will be nothing so comprehensive, so intelligently planned and executed, as the program of the B.B.C. For this, the people now in control of American stations would have to set aside time in which they surrendered their control to qualified persons, giving them the power to devise musical programs without the slightest regard for the notions current in broadcasting circles—the notion that when an opera comes over the air, an hour's "essentials" are enough, or that more than one movement of any one symphony is too much. For this, in turn, they would have to be dissatisfied with present procedures, and recognize that these procedures represent not superior knowledge, but ordinary ignorance. And of this, as we have seen, there is at present no sign.

B. H. Haggin.

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Washington Notes

Covering the Deficit—Division Among Democrats —Getting the Money—Nuisance Taxes— The Tariff

THE NEAR hysteria of New York bankers about the general situation in the country, which, as I reported several weeks ago, was having its effect upon Congress, is still felt here. If anything it is more pronounced than before and it is distinctly reflected in the difficulties of the Democrats in preparing their tax bill. There are sharp differences of opinion among them which may be ironed out before this piece appears—but I very much doubt it.

Just before the beginning of the session, Democratic leaders on the Senate side, chief among them being Senator Pat Harrison of Missssippi and Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas, were strongly against the levying of what they called "unnecessary taxes." They wanted to make the tax increases "as light as possible," and pointed out that radical increases would be "disturbing to business" and might "retard the return of prosperity." Their feeling was that the acute fiscal situation of the Treasury could best be met by moderate tax increases supplemented by government bond issues. At least that seemed to be their conviction so far as could be gathered from their public utterances. The fact that the people as a whole are fully prepared for heavy increases all along the line and that not only the Treasury situation but the country's condition has become more acute in the past six weeks, I understand, has caused these Senate leaders to change their point of view to some extent. Perhaps the biggest factor in the change is that the "business interests" of the East, which the leaders are so apprehensive about disturbing, are most urgent in recommending a much more radical increase than they at first favored.

Taking all these things into consideration, there still remains a Democratic division as to the course to be followed which has been emphatically manifested at every meeting of the joint policy committee. The House Democrats, under Garner's leadership, want to go very much farther than the Senate Democrats. It seems that they have been more deeply impressed by the pounding of certain of the outside party advisers from New York and Chicago, whose campaign contributions are of such size and regularity as to give them the right to speak. What these gentlemen have said is that the essential thing is to balance the budget—that if a crash is to be averted and confidence restored generally, confidence must first be restored in government securities. This cannot be done until and unless the government is again put in a solvent condition.

The Hoover-Mellon program, which in reality is the Mills program, is inadequate. More money must be raised if stability is to be established. This is the burden of the song of the affrighted financiers of the party. In effect, they said to the congressional leaders, "Get the money. We don't care how you get it or from whom, but get it. It is essential, if you don't want a smash-up that will throw all political calculations into the discard." This, I must admit, is alarming talk and I do not wonder the Democrats listening to it were impressed.

So strong is this feeling that there seems to me a fairly good prospect that the tax bill, as it finally emerges from the committee and passes the House, will restore the so-called nuisance taxes of the war period to a greater extent than that proposed by Mr. Mills. There is talk of a federal gasoline tax, of an increased stamp tax, of a check tax, of various other taxes. Unless they change their minds, the House Democrats are going to back a bill that will get the money.

What the fate of such a bill will be in the Senate is, of course, impossible to tell. Most of the Democrats and most of the Republicans, I suppose, would be for it, as the fear of what may happen if the government monthly deficit is permitted to mount as it is mounting now, is present in the Senate, too. On the other hand, all of the progressives and some of the Democrats are going to react violently against the disinclination of the Democrats in the House to raise, beyond the Mills proposals, the rates on the high-bracket incomes, or to increase further the inheritance and gift taxes. There will, I think, be some increase in the latter by the House, but the present purpose, as explained by Leader Rainey, is to make 40 percent the limit on the vastly rich. This is in accordance with a propaganda that has been industriously spread around here, which, I hope, won't be taken too seriously. It is but fair to say, however, that it is not part of the argument of the above mentioned financial advisors of the Democratic party.

Briefly, this is that there are very few rich men any more, and that to increase the rates beyond 40 percent would not produce any more money. The contention is that such rich men as there are know how to evade the tax when it gets too high, and that 40 percent is the saturation point. As to that, the experience in England, where the tax on the very rich is much greater than 40 percent, does not bear out this idea. The progressives feel that there still remain in the country many vast fortunes of the Mellon-Ford-Rockefeller-Vanderbilt type, which do not pay and never have paid their share, and that this is the time when they should.

Granting that this is a sound argument, it does seem there should be sufficient ingenuity in Congress to draft a bill that will plug up the holes through which these very wealthy men have been accustomed to escape not only the income tax but the inheritance and gift taxes too. There should be an interesting struggle along these lines in the Senate, where there is a certain resentment among progressives over the tendency of Democrats to take big-business advice not only as to taxes but as to appropriations. Part of the progressive argument will be that some way must be found to make the rich pay if the relief appropriations which are so badly needed are not to throw the whole fiscal system out of joint. Their point is that funds to relieve distress are even more important than balancing the budget, and that the cry of an insolvent government is part of the fight to block these appropriations.

The chief comment upon the Democratic tariff program, which, by the date this is printed, should be well on its way through the House, is that it is a little thin. However, I do not see what more could be expected at this time—or at any other time. The Democratic pretense that, if given

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power, their party would immediately revise the tariff downward, was campaign stuff pure and simple. They can, with progressive votes, put through their resolution authorizing the President to call an international tariff conference, and they can make their changes—again with progressive votes—in the Tariff Commission and the flexible provision. But that is their limit.

The Hawley-Smoot bill so vigorously denounced by Democratic orators and spokesmen, would not have been possible but for Democratic votes—a fact too well known to deny or to need restatement. Their present tariff program is largely a political gesture, made to protect themselves against the charge next fall that they completely failed to carry out their party promises made in the 1930 campaign. There is, as a matter of fact, not a great deal of interest among Democrats generally in this tariff program. What they want to do is get it out of the way as speedily as possible, which feeling, I believe, is responsible for Garner's decision to put it ahead of the tax bill. The general expectation is that Mr. Hoover will veto the tariff proposals when they reach him, and this exactly suits the Democratic purpose. It will enable them to assail him for that all through the presidential campaign and maintain their public position as the low-tariff party, which, as I have pointed out before, is an extremely hollow and insincere position on their part. As for Hoover, I do not see, in view of his tremendous emphasis last session upon the importance of the administrative features of the present law, what else he can do save veto it.

Washington. T. R. B.

Christmas Slave

IT SEEMS that N——'s grandparents participated in a mobbing of Emerson, or something like that, by way of Abolition; his parents moved to Iowa and concentrated. Their rich resources, very few of which were material, N—— inherited. I heard him say once in a company not without Southerners that he would like to see the whole Tidewater region, inhabitants and all, sunk in the middle of the ocean; which makes me think that Emerson got off very light. All this is only to say, however, that my Christmas this year, Christmas Day in the South it was, I find myself dedicating to him, laying it at his feet, as if the whole family of us, with Nellie and Pindar included, were like a Greek epigram, speaking out of a grave to a passer-by, who is N——. We had a happy day, which may have been a sin, or thought we did, which was self-delusion; and Nellie, when she went off fishing at four o'clock that afternoon and a Christmas tree at her church that night, seemed pleased with life, despite the blackness of her treatment and bitter crime of her position. At any rate, I will set the day down for N——'s sake; he can, if he likes, begin the New Year with his highest reactions.

Everybody in the family had been up till after midnight Christmas Eve, even my aunt, who will soon be eighty, wrapping and ornamenting boxes, shapeless things and books, adding ribbons and cards, writing sweet messages after we were worn to despair, opening something now and then to see if the right name had gone into it, debating as for my aunt says it looks like fruit-stands in railway stations. But at five-thirty Christmas morning my nephew and I rose and were out on the terrace and across the grass and then walking down the white, clear road in the early dusk, watching the stars and in the west the round moon, white against the house and on the dark of the magnolia leaves and over the twinkling dim lawn. He is thirteen, knows more astronomy than I do and the wonder of the world is no less for him. Inside the house the light from her corner room showed that my aunt was up and at that homeric toilet that she makes every morning; and I knew quite well that she would appear, smiling and tactfully dressed in the purple dressing-gown I could not resist giving her the night before: there were plenty of other presents. And on the other side of the house we noted that my sister was already stirring about, which meant too that my nephew's father would not be allowed to sleep much longer. Nobody cared, for it was Christmas morning. The stars presently were fading, the moon paled to a faint cloud going down beyond the garden trees, and not long after seven the sun came up; my nephew and I watched it from the terrace, and saw the rims of light that spread along the tiny strips of cloud, which in the face of the sun would scatter soon and leave the whole sky clear as glass, until the first stars returned that night.

The tree had not been lighted or the presents given; we have always done that Christmas morning, after the servants are in the house and everybody dressed for the day. By eight o'clock, what with the sun now high in the sky and some of us risen so early, we were hungry and thought of breakfast. But Pindar had not been seen, and out at Nellie's house, at the far end of the lot, all was quiet as a tomb. My aunt thought, she told us, that Nellie must have been out late the night before. We decided that after breakfast would be a wiser time this year for the presents, since, when Nellie did come, her first efforts had better be in the kitchen. Soon after eight Nellie came, passing through for a look at the tree lighted and to pause before a shining Nativity made of oak boughs and a box for the manger, little figures for the Child, Joseph and Mary and the Wise Men, and a number of asses and lambs and cows standing near. Nellie said "Christmas Gift" to each of us; she meant to wake up early, she said, but her clock did not go off. For breakfast she burnt the toast (the oven sometimes works so fast, she said), but the waffles, the peach preserves, eggs, bacon, spoonbread, sausages were perfect. After breakfast we opened the presents, and Nellie and Pindar, who by now had come in, far too bright in the eyes for that time of day, did very well, what with a candy-pink quilted robe, a purse, and various ornaments, mufflers, ties, stockings, socks, and best of all, if combined with other things of course, some money.

That morning after ten we left a few gifts at people's doors and went afterward to drive in the country, where the winter sedge on the hills was a pure violet, and the fields were patched with green here and there in the mild season. In the little yards along the road chrysanthemums were still in bloom and a good many roses. By one o'clock we were home again and asking about dinner, for everybody knew of the twenty-pound turkey, stuffed with corn-bread, with onions and celery, and the giblet gravy, and [illegible] ambrosia. The doings in the kitchen

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the night before, up to ten, would, if all else failed, have made that clear; for Archie, Nellie's brother, had been up helping her, grating the cocoanut, going off for groceries that she had forgotten to order, and lending a general hand. Passing through the kitchen I had seen him there, after he had gotten Nellie's work done for her, just before he went home, sitting by a little supper he had made for himself, with a tumbler of iced orange juice alongside. Nellie worships him: when their mother died at his birth she raised Archie, and did without bread sometimes, she says, so that he might have the nickel to go to a picture show. She hates Pindar because he has the place she wants for her brother, though my sister explained long ago that she has no intention of getting into such a family arrangement.

At something like half-past one my sister went into the kitchen to see how things were going, but Nellie for the moment seemed to be out. Some time later my nephew went and came back to say that Nellie was sitting by the stove dissolved in tears. We all got up and went downstairs to the kitchen. Nellie was sobbing as if her heart would break, the kitchen was cluttered, and the egg nogg bowl still sat in the sink unwashed. A sneak thief, she said, had got into her room and stolen her money. She had taken the money after the Christmas tree and hidden it in her room, and when she looked just now it was gone. The door was locked, but a thief with a pass-key had gotten in. We tried to comfort her the best we could, and all of us went out to her house to help look for the money.

Some years ago Nellie was married to Thomas, who used to come home from the pressing establishment where he worked and wash up all her dishes for her, and gave her most of his earnings, until he wore out at it and went off with a great black woman, who according to Nellie is going to cut his throat some day as sure as the world. Two years ago Nellie married Winfield, who works for an undertaker. She says he is a tiny little nigger—this is her phrase not mine—but we have never seen him. He lives in her house, comes in after supper—after our supper not his—and leaves early in the morning. None of us ever saw him, but we let it go at that. Since Winfield came, Nellie's room, it appears, has been far more tidy, and so we were able doubtless to carry on the search better than might have been. Nellie had collapsed, gouging her fists into her eyes and practically howling. She had by then reached the stage of openly accusing Pindar; it was Pindar who had her money, he had sneaked into her room. She knew exactly where she had put the money and sobbed so that my brother-in-law said not to cry, if the money was gone he would make it up for her, which she said, with fresh paroxysms, she did not want him to do. None of us believed that exactly. For a while we were all there looking hard, in the mussy, small room, Nellie sobbing, then I found the dollar bill in a book by the head of the bed, a volume of my nephew's that seemed to have been borrowed. At the same moment almost my sister opened the bureau drawer and found the ten dollars. We were all very glad of that, for I think we all felt, though we would never have said so, that if the money had appeared later on we should never have heard of it, so that for Archie's sake, who also would have liked to work for us, the blame could have stayed on Pindar. These were, manifestly, dark matters fished up from the human bosom, but did not seem very oppressive that morning, what with the day, the sun, the Christmas warmth of heart. Pindar meanwhile had been waiting outside the door with a smile of cold aloofness. "Shucks, I told Nellie," he said, "I wouldn't be stealin' no dollar. Ef I'm go be takin' an'thing it's got to be a thousand, sompn like that." I said that was a wider point of view.

We were all by then walking toward the house, on the basis of the season's love and peace and good will. But my aunt, who grew up when admonitions at least were more in hand, said sharply to Nellie that she ought to have thought before accusing Pindar like that. Why don't you think? she said. Think, think. Aw, Miss Lucia, you know I never could think, Nellie said, and my aunt dropped the point.

Pindar and I were walking along behind. He looked at me quietly. His home-made beer early that morning and the glass of egg nogg after the Christmas tree had made him very benign. "Nellie's jes a child," he said.

Dinner was served finally somewhere around three, everything old-fashioned and very delicious. In the kitchen Nellie's brother Archie had arrived, with Olive his wife, the three children and their little white and black dog, which Nellie says is a wire-haired terrier, for Christmas turkey.

In the afternoon before she went off Nellie came in to thank us again for her presents and to say she wanted to apologize for the way she had behaved that morning, going on like that, crying and worrying everybody, and accusing Pindar of stealing her money. She just didn't know what had been the matter with her. Of course, she added, she knew Pindar didn't care.

We let pass this reflection on Pindar's delicacy, and Nellie went on:

She thought maybe she was tired a little from going to the dentist yesterday. That might be one reason. Winfield had given her for her Christmas present to have her teeth put in good shape, and she had been at the dentist's over an hour yesterday afternoon. Winfield had insisted that she have it done Christmas Eve. STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Aid for Miners

SIR: May I ask you to publish the enclosed telegram from James Myers, industrial secretary, Federal Council of Churches, regarding the urgent need of clothing and food in the bituminous coal fields:

> Tour of inspection coal fields West Virginia and Kentucky reveals alarming conditions. At least twenty-five thousand children need food and warm clothing. Thousands unable attend school. Saw children barefoot in snow. Some evicted families living in tents. Sickness will take toll unless clothes for all ages supplied at once, especially children's clothing and shoes, also warm blankets, quilts. Hot lunches served by Quakers. Many schools already show results improved health. Thousands of pre-school children and babies without milk. More money needed at once as winter weather grips mountain regions. Please send out wide appeal urgent.
>
> JAMES MYERS.

Clothing should be shipped (prepaid) from the East to American Friends' Service Committee, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and from the West to American Friends' Service Committee, Morgantown, West Virginia. Checks should be made out and mailed to Olive Van Horn, Treasurer, Coal Areas Relief, 105 East

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Twenty-second Street, New York City. All funds will be forwarded to the American Friends' Service Committee (Quakers), for relief in the field.

OLIVE VAN HORN,
Treasurer, Coal Areas Relief.

New York City.

Caribbean Conference

SIR: Professor Joaquín Garcia Monge, editor of the well known liberal Spanish-American weekly, Repertorio Americano, in company with a group of thinkers representative of Mexico, Central America, the West Indies, Venezuela, Colombia and Panama, has issued a call for a Caribbean Conference, to be held March 20-27, 1932, in San José, Costa Rica.

This Central American capital has been chosen because of its tradition of order and of free speech, its mild climate and its proximity to the Panama Canal, where numerous steamship lines touch.

Carleton Beals, Raymond Leslie Buell, John Dewey, Waldo Frank, John Nevin Sayre, William R. Shepherd, Norman Thomas, have joined with the Latin American group as co-sponsors from the United States. . . . The Conference will be unofficial and non-governmental in character, thus ensuring freedom of discussion. Representing as it does Latin American initiative, it particularly merits a sympathetic response in United States.

The number of delegates will be limited, but those desiring further information are invited to write to Professor Joaquín Garcia Monge, Apartado X, San José, Costa Rica.

CHARLES A. THOMSON.

New York City.

Too Many Pumps

SIR: Oil men are talking tariffs, restriction and higher prices to bring prosperity back to the oil industry. A 4,000-mile auto trip through fourteen states indicates amazing variations in price, complete control of price in each locality by the standard producers and a wastefulness in distribution costs that is appalling.

It is no longer necessary to carry extra gasoline or oil even on long stretches of desert country, as filling stations can be found with a frequency that is surprising in view of the scarcity of population. The wastefulness in distribution costs is apparent when we find a multiplicity of these stations, not only in cities and towns, but on the lonely highways. At one crossroads, far from any town worthy of the name, a good-sized filling station decorated each corner, each with from four to seven filling pumps for handling the different varieties of gas sold. These two dozen pumps and their tanks represented a far greater investment than could be warranted by the gas sold. Any one of the four stations would have been ample for the traffic.

Considering the illness of the industry, little is apparently being done to curb the cost of wasteful and foolish competition. Rugged individualism still prevails except in the matter of price, which is apparently well controlled. So well, in fact, that out here in California, where gasoline is produced and where there is a huge surplus, I am paying more than I did back in New Jersey. A little of this same kind of control on distribution costs might help the industry more than the proposed tariff.

FRED H. COLVIN.

Glendale, Calif.

Scottsboro and the I. L. D.

SIR: On January 21 the eight Scottsboro boys come before the Alabama State Supreme Court to appear for a new trial The entire burden of the legal defense is being borne by the International Labor Defense, and in this work the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners is coöperating.

On the afternoon of Sunday, January 17, at the New School for Social Research, the National Committee is sponsoring a protest meeting during which its position and the plight of the Scottsboro boys will be completely dealt with. However, even before that time certain aspects of the case should be put before your readers.

The abandonment of the Scottsboro case by Clarence Darrow and Arthur Garfield Hays has awakened an attack less against the Alabama courts than against the only defenders of the boys. Specifically, charges are being made against the International Labor Defense that it has been "'using' the incident rather than trying must be noted, first, that the attackers of the I. L. D. have allowed their attention to be withdrawn completely from the Alabama court, which sentenced the boys, and the Alabama merchants who made a fête of the verdict; and second, that had it not been for the immediate steps taken to obtain a new trial, and public pressure aroused, by the International Labor Defense, the Scottsboro boys would have died on schedule July 10.

The recent desertion—and I think we must call it that—of the Scottsboro boys by Mr. Darrow and Mr. Hays is certainly unfortunate. Perhaps it is doubly unfortunate because on April 10, the day after the Scottsboro convictions, Mr. Darrow was approached by the I. L. D. and asked to enter the case. He not only refused to do so, but even refused to make any public statement favorable to the boys, giving as his reason his belief that to fight such a case in Alabama was an impossible job, too difficult even to attempt. I think that no one underestimates the importance of his legal ability, but we must also take into account the fact that no labor case can be won in the courts alone. To believe otherwise would be to take a very naïve view of their impartiality. I think that you and your readers as well as ourselves must recognize by this time that the courts are not just, not impartial, not even altogether swayed by the "meaning of the law."

In labor cases, certainly, public opinion has its say. And it is precisely organized, and therefore effective, public opinion that Mr. Darrow refuses to have associated with his name in this case. Mooney was saved from execution by the protests of the great masses of men, as far from California as Russia, led by a Red named Lenin. For the purpose of this discussion we might even cite the case of Dreyfus, and Emile Zola's undignified, noisy and even "red," but certainly effective, and later widely acclaimed efforts to save him.

Nothing in this letter, of course, can be taken to mean that in the Scottsboro case or in any other, legal defense can be underestimated. In Scottsboro we are helping to pay for the services of a corps of lawyers with whom Darrow could coöperate, but which already has at its head General George Chamlee, a prominent *Southern* attorney in no way tarred by radicalism nor suspect because he is a "foreigner." This may make a less sensational trial than occurred in Dayton, Tennessee, but it will certainly be less personal. We have every reason to hope for success. If we fail, it will be not because protest has been too wide, but because it has been too weak—because the International Labor Defense, ourselves, and the other friends of the Scottsboro boys will have failed to arouse decisive public protest. Certainly, to the boys' attorneys and the I. L. D., the paramount thought is the lives of eight working boys, who happen also to be Negroes.

Certainly we do not propose to desert the Scottsboro boys for factional reasons. We feel it is our duty to call on you and your readers to stand with us in their defense. Wherever your or their previous sympathies may have been, the fact remains that the International Labor Defense and its supporters now stand alone between these boys and death, and that the defendants themselves, their families and the lawyers have again affirmed their faith in the I. L. D., their belief in and desire for the defense it offers, supported by the workers who compose it.

MELVIN P. LEVY, Secretary,
National Committee for the
Defense of Political Prisoners.

New York City.

Books for Students

SIR: Probably every reader of The New Republic has at least a few worth-while books with which he could part. At Commonwealth College, the students do industrial work four hours a day for their maintenance and the rest of the time they attend classes and study the best books that they can get hold of. They have no funds with which to buy books and so they are dependent for their study upon the gift of books from generous friends.

We thought that perhaps the readers of The New Republic might care to join the ranks of our generous friends and add new volumes to our library. Nowhere would any books that you can spare be more repeatedly and intelligently read and more deeply appreciated than at Commonwealth.

GEORGE YEISLEY RUSK.

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America: Dream, Epic and Reality

The Epic of America, by James Truslow Adams. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 433 pages. $4.

AS A NON-ACADEMIC historian, Mr. Adams writes not for the classroom or for his professional brethren, but for the general public that reads only when intrigued by an author's substance or manner. The often illuminating insight of his "Founding of New England," and the genuinely high tone of his book on "The Adams Family," have made it possible to think of him in connection with the great American galaxy of non-professional historians from Bancroft, Prescott, Motley and Parkman to Lea and H. O. Taylor. But it is doubtful whether, in writing the book before us, Mr. Adams has had that tradition in mind. He seems to have aimed at journalistic fluency more than at substantial depth, at producing a good best seller rather than a classic.

It is of course refreshing to find historical events and figures described in the language of living men rather than in the stilted phrases of conventionalized pedagogues. Freedom of language makes for freedom of judgment. One who is not afraid to speak of "the stark and damnable injustice of the present regime" can see how the large mill owners have dictated the policy of the United States and how patriotic American employers try to prevent the union of labor by stirring up hatred between its different sections, black and white, native and foreign-born. Not being connected with any college or university, Mr. Adams does not have to fear offending any money barons who are the angels or benefactors of our educational institutions. He knows from personal experience that some of them have "the souls of pushcart peddlers." Now for myself I am inclined to protest that I have known at least two pushcart peddlers with great souls: one of them translated Sophocles into modern Greek and the other wrote a wonderfully penetrating and sympathetic essay on Gray's "Elegy." But it is well to have a popular history written by one who knows that ours is a business civilization and that its leaders do not form a superior class in character, intelligence or culture. A history for adults should deal with reality rather than with edifying myths.

But the journalistic manner has obvious limitations. Sensational or snappy chapter headings do not of themselves produce insight, nor is that end attained by melodramatic juxtaposition of things that are not inherently connected, such as the sinking of the "Titanic" and the outbreak of the World War. No gain but a lapse from the high tone of seriousness comes from attributing the old New England preoccupation with hell-fire to the severity of its winters.

Far more critical is the fact that in his desire to attract the reader Mr. Adams has not brooded long enough on his main theme. He has undertaken to write a prose epic. What is the great achievement that he thus intended to celebrate? It is not the physical conquest of a great continent amidst fearful hardships. For that, according to Mr. Adams, has resulted in the worship of a narrow practicality at the cost of refinement of spirit, and even in the degradation of religion. When Mr. Adams formulates the object of his epic, he identifies it with the popularly persistent dream of a better world for the common man. But does that mean simply greater political and economic opportunity? Mr. Adams himself does not show any great enthusiasm for these. Democracy dilutes the content of education and is hostile to genuine distinction and liberality; and the eager exploitation of our economic opportunities has led to the worship of money-making as in itself a virtue. This in turn has led to the neglect of the fine arts which ennoble the enjoyment of life. It has prevented us from cultivating dignified leisure, and has driven us instead to gossip and to preoccupation with other people's personal morals. Indeed, the intense struggle for economic opportunities has even contributed, according to Mr. Adams, to our national lawlessness.

An epic of human aspiration should make real to us those efforts that remain significant despite frustrating fates. A realization of this would have led Mr. Adams to give more attention to the traditional American liberalism which survived the Spanish War in the form of the Anti-Imperialist League and which, as the progressive movement, was submerged but not eradicated by the World War and the Harding-Coolidge prosperity.

Mr. Adams' tendency to ignore the imponderables makes his history rather flat when he comes to recent years. There is, for instance, no adequate account of the tragedy of the collapse of Wilsonian idealism, a collapse which really began when, in order "to win the War," he allowed liberal opinion to be repressed, so that he was without support in a crisis when the reactionaries got the chance to turn against him.

Mr. Adams has aimed to tell the story of the American people rather than that of its political, military, diplomatic, social and economic strands. But obviously there is no American life without these factors. Hence the question for the historian is always that of their relative importance. Mr. Adams has chosen practically to ignore the role of religion and idealistic effort and to say almost nothing about literature and art. This deprives his book of outlook and color, and results, in the main, in a rather conventional political history with an economic setting. But the strictly economic issues themselves are rather vaguely conceived. The specific ways in which our distinctive free-land economy interacted with and molded the other factors of our national life are not concretely shown. Some of his judgments on recent events, such as the "achievements" of the Clayton Act, are rather naïve, to say the least.

Though, on the whole, realistic, Mr. Adams often falls into traditional sentimentality, as in his reference to the freedom of the Anglo-Saxons in the German forests—an exploded early-Victorian legend. And he quite naïvely speaks of the Mayflower pact as something possible only to Englishmen of that period, whereas that procedure was rather common to trading companies originating in Italy, as the term "ballot" indicates. On the other hand, he admits that in some respects the Puritans who came here were made of weaker metal than those who stayed home to fight it out with the Stuarts. In speaking of the Constitution he freely recognizes that it was a compromise and that it required "adroit management and even political chicanery" to force its adoption, yet he is entirely conventional in regard to its merits and to its weaknesses, such as the breakdown of the electoral system and the failure to define states' rights and the status of slavery so as to avoid civil war.

Mr. Adams' judgment of persons is generally sound but devoid of distinction. Thus his high appreciation of Washington is certainly just. But there is no adequate clue to the sterling qualities that made Washington able to carry on where men more brilliant but with less character would have failed.

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The intellectual content of any history is largely determined by its author's sense of historical causation. In this respect Mr. Adams is generally sensible, but devoid of incisiveness. Why, for instance, did the South lose influence in the two decades before the Civil War? The suggestion that this was due to its adopting an attitude of defense is clearly inadequate. It was on the defensive because it was losing in population and wealth relative to the industrial North and the rapidly growing West. And the decline of its intellectual prestige was connected with the bankruptcy of its older landed aristocracy (typified in the distress of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe) when new land, cheaper and more fertile, was opened for the cultivation of cotton.

History is generally assumed to be of value because it explains how we have become what we are; and this, Mr. Adams assures us, has been one of his primary aims. But here also his harvest is uneven. The principal traits which, acording to him, distinguish Americans are optimism, aggressiveness and self-assertion, and a certain unteachableness. Following the fruitful idea of Professor F. J. Turner, he explains all these in terms of the conditions of open frontier life. Men who went out to make their homes in the wilderness or on the edge of it, necessarily put away the past and lived for the future. They had to rely on their own individual efforts or perish. Where each man had to do all things there was little respect for the expert, especially in public life. But all this, while true, will not get us far enough. Why, for instance, has the American woman enjoyed relatively greater freedom of motion than her European sister? Mr. Adams' explanation in terms of border life, even if it were convincing, would not explain what has made that freedom persist in our older Eastern cities.

Less monistic and *simpliste* is Mr. Adams' effort to trace the causes of our national addiction to lawlessness. While he contends that colonial America was rather free from crimes of violence, he recognizes that it is foolish to put the blame on the foreign-born. The first roots of this lawlessness are traced to the general colonial habit of disobeying ruinous laws made in England for the exploitation of the colonies. But the outbreak of lawless violence after 1830 is not adequately explained by the three causes which Mr. Adams mentions: *viz.*, our system of education, our theory of popular sovereignty, and our excessive worship of business enterprise so that all sorts of corruption are condoned as leading to the development of the country. Doubtless the conditions of a newly settled region like California favor violence before the orderly process of government becomes customary. But why should the highest homicide rate today be found in the old South? There are obviously many more factors involved in this problem than Mr. Adams has recognized.

Mr. Adams is a competent historian who writes with good sense and, what is even rarer, with liberal detachment from narrow orthodoxy or heterodoxy. But he is at times careless and it cannot be said that he has set himself unusually high standards. The most impressive lesson which at least one reader carries away from the book is the extraordinary difficulty in the way of a general history of the United States in one volume for intelligent people. Publishers will doubtless continue to call for one to satisfy the popular demand for "outlines." But genuine enlightenment requires first a more critical and discriminatory consideration of what it is that is of primary significance in American life.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

The Book Clubs Offer:

Mr. and Mrs. Pennington, by Francis Brett Young. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

The Weather Tree, by Maristan Chapman. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

The Harbormaster, by William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG must have felt the drowsy tolerance bred of long steam-heated evenings when he concocted "Mr. and Mrs. Pennington," the January choice of the Book of the Month Club. It concerns two young English people, typical of many, and is replete with the domestic knickknacks of their life together. They meet at a seaside place, court on a motor-bike going over the misty fells, and settle into a new little house in the London suburbs. After Susan loses a baby which she hasn't particularly wanted, temptation enters in the person of Harry Levinson, a sleek young man with cars, furs, stocks and bonds. Susan falls, and in the heat of his passionate surprise Dick all but commits a murder. Then everything comes out all right, and they start over. There is a particular virtue in the study of Susan's intense femininity, but otherwise the book, though carefully detailed, is shallow, and one detects the surface carnal qualities which Galsworthy also communicates.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman's new book, on the other hand, is a fine achievement by any standards. "The Weather Tree" (Book League of America) is about the people of Glen Hazard in "the hid mountains" of Tennessee, who speak an extraordinary language of poetry, and cling with a desperation at once tragic and humorous to their own ways and landmarks. Old Billy Whiteoak, the weather tree, is a symbol for them of what they must preserve at any cost from the ravages of the "outlanders." When Lynn Clayton descends upon them to open the old mine and develop the community he is surrounded by a deadly, intangible hostility. Against him the Preacher flings this text: "They shut up the passages of the hill country, and fortified all the tops of the high hills, and laid impediments in the plains."

Crews of workmen are scared away, and hints of smallpox offered to strangers on the train. Grief, in the form of love, comes to Thelma Lane, the mountain girl who is fascinated by Lynn Clayton, but is true to her own understanding of things. Sometimes she tries to explain to him what she feels about her world: "Never two days are alike in the light they give us," she says, "never two moonrises the same, never the sun comes up like yestermorn. I'd not be surprised but that's why we will not get tired out with the world, for there's never the same-colored light two hours together."

One dangerous night the new coaldust-brick works burn away, and Lynn Clayton is forced out of Glen Hazard, leaving Thelma behind. The sorrow is almost too peacefully lyrical, but the humor is vigorous, especially in the person of Uncle Shannon. "Here I sit," he once remarks, when the sheriff comes near, "innocent as a unburst robin's egg." A vocabulary that includes such words and phrases as "survigrous," "still as four o'clock," "outgate," "yatter," makes the usual literary attempt at the dialect form seem very dull.

With William McFee one is always in pursuit of something which one just doesn't quite catch. I will not charge him directly with a persistence in glamor, but that is the outstanding feature of his Mr. Spenlow, Chief Engineer,

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who tells the story of "The Harbormaster" (Literary Guild). Mr. Spenlow is a seaman who boasts of cynicism, but in every last resort he softens. The story takes much in its stride: Saloniki and Alexandria during the War, the ramming of a submarine—"the riven plates flew up and swept with blue-burning fury along our strakes"—the abduction of a murderess across the Aegean Sea, a dance hall in New York and, finally, emotional and financial disasters in Latin America. Francine comes out of the sea as a refugee into the arms of Captain Fraley, kills for his sake, and clings to him faithfully until death. Mr. Padapopoulos, inveterate gambler, a niece of Mr. Xenophon, and a girl named Théroigne, are the exotics who precipitate curious tragedies for these two lovers. Except when misled by his pretensions to faint irony and humor, the Chief Engineer tells a remarkable story with old-fashioned narrative skill. HAZEL HAWTHORNE.

Prince Against Emperor

Memoirs of Prince von Bülow. Vol. II: From the Morocco Crisis to Resignation, 1903-1909. Translated by Geoffrey Dunlop. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 626 pages. $5.

THE SECOND volume of von Bülow's memoirs is even more interesting and venomous than the first —more interesting because Germany's political isolation (except for Austria) was becoming more manifest and critical, and more venomous because his friction with the Kaiser was precipitating his second and final resignation. The veil is lifted on extraordinarily spicy episodes: a scene between the Kaiser and King Leopold of Belgium; trouble between the Kaiser and his uncle Edward VII; an invitation to the Crown Prince which his imperial father forbade him to accept; and numerous court and party intrigues. Bülow tells his story well, and his translator has done it full justice.

The Morocco Crisis, Bülow tells us, was never meant to lead to war with France. In this he is probably sincere. But his diplomatic pressure and his threatening sphinxlike silence as to his intentions gave the French justifiable grounds for uneasiness, and naturally tended to revive anti-German nationalism. For the sake of prestige, Bülow and Holstein were pursuing a policy which, in the end, was to cost Germany dearly. In the Bosnian Crisis the same thing was true; only, in this case, it was Russia which was antagonized. These two episodes, for which Bülow was primarily responsible, tended to weaken further Germany's international position and to draw more closely together the powers opposed to her. Yet from his memoirs one would not get this impression. From his facile narrative, in which he emphasizes or selects the points which suit his purpose, one would suppose that Germany was stronger than ever, that he had been exceedingly wise and clever, and that whatever difficulties Germany suffered from were owing to the Kaiser's maladroit speeches and spectacular gestures. Bülow would also have us believe that he was little influenced by Holstein. But a careful study of the published German diplomatic documents shows how great was his dependence on this mysterious and malign figure in the recesses of the German Foreign Office.

No doubt the Kaiser was a most excitable, changeable, indiscreet and difficult master to serve. This made it all the more important that his Chancellor should scrutinize the War Lord's proposed utterances and publications most carefully. Yet the most extraordinary and indiscreet of all the Kaiser's effusions was one which Bülow neglected to read at all until after it had appeared in The London Daily Telegraph. William had sent the article to Bülow asking him to read it and see if there was objection to its publication. Bülow, busy at his summer home by the sea, merely forwarded the paper to the Foreign Office for examination. His officials in Berlin made some trivial corrections and sent it back to Bülow, who then returned it to the Kaiser, again without reading it himself. Its publication in England caused a perfect storm of resentment on both sides of the North Sea. Bülow admitted his negligence and assumed responsibility, but finding that public opinion of all German parties sharply condemned the Kaiser's utterance, the Chancellor failed to defend his master before the Reichstag as the Kaiser and some of the Conservatives thought he ought to have been defended. This was one of the ultimate reasons for the Conservatives' defeating Bülow's finance bill and bringing about his resignation in 1909. The split between him and the Kaiser was then complete. It filled Bülow's remaining twenty years with a bitterness against his former master reflected throughout this volume, a bitterness hardly paralleled in history. SIDNEY B. FAY.

The National Mirror

Classic Americans: A Study of Eminent American Writers from Irving to Whitman, by Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 388 pages. $3.50.

A HISTORY of histories of American literature from the beginnings of the republic would make a fascinating study in our national psychology. Bases of interpretation appear and disappear in these volumes—patriotic prejudice, pro- and anti-British predilections, racial theories, the New England complex, economic determinism, morality. The contemporary movement is twofold and contradictory: the scholars are trying to bring to bear upon American letters fundamental concepts which the historians have found useful, and the critics, in too many cases, belabor the national classics because they reflect the interests of the age in which they were written, and not the interests of our own day. Mr. Canby, who has seldom written better than in "Classic Americans," tries to pick his way judiciously through the tangle.

It is not Mr. Canby's fault that his volume, like most books about the American classics, has to face in the beginning a well nigh insoluble problem. If there are certain fundamental interests which shape American literature, these interests reach back into the colonial period—that is, into the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—and if the many documents of these two centuries lack the immediate appeal of Melville or Whitman, the obligation to analyze them is still present unless the writer chooses to make a purely arbitrary beginning. Mr. Canby tries to get the colonials out of the way in his first chapter, with the result that the reader wishes he had written either more or less, for his discussion is neither a good history of the significant ideas of these two centuries nor an adequate critique of the writers he has chosen to typify the times.

Once past the opening chapter, Mr. Canby comes into his own. No one has written better comment on Irving, Cooper and Poe than here appears; and the essays on Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Hawthorne-and-Melville (these discussed together), if less significant, are very good

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indeed. Impossible as it would seem, he has, in writing about Poe's journalistic bent, really given us a fresh view of that much discussed genius. The sentences in these chapters are packed with meaning, the writing is lean and vigorous, the point of view is modern without prejudice and fresh without eccentricity. In addition to the merits of the literary portraits, the author's insistence upon the importance of Quakerism in American letters is of primary significance. One can well believe that ten years of reading and study have been poured into the book, for, despite minor errors, it speaks authoritatively—a brilliant instance of the right use of the historical method in criticism.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

Bankers and Suckers

Scapegoats, by Julian Sherrod. New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. 127 pages. $1.50.

AS TEXAS branch manager of the securities affiliate of a great New York bank, Mr. Sherrod engaged in the business of unloading on suckers—that is, of selling stocks and bonds to people who thought they were safe because responsible bankers said they were safe. But this isn't the whole story. Mr. Sherrod himself was a sucker and allowed himself to be loaded up with 200 shares of the bank's stock at the cost of about $90,000, most of it borrowed money. After the crash the stock was worth $16,000; the borrowed money wasn't paid; Mr. Sherrod lost his job and wrote this book.

It is a curious book with a curious history. The hasty reader is likely to dismiss it as revenge for a lost job and a lost fortune; it is something more than that. Mr. Sherrod, in spite of his annoying repetitions, his biblical allusions, his cloud of one-sentence paragraphs, has something to say that becomes amazingly forceful; and for this reason he has found an audience. Though privately printed in Dallas, Texas, the book had a sale of about 10,000 copies before it was taken over by a New York publisher. Quite possibly, more will be heard of it in the future.

It is full of inside information about the ballyhoo indulged in by a once dignified institution which for several years before 1929 was hawking securities like bottles of snake oil or kidney cures. Mr. Sherrod mentions the names of the stocks which were thus unloaded on the public. The only name of consequence omitted from his narrative is that of the bank itself. To be equally considerate, I shall merely observe that it is a bank whose chairman was very voluble, in October, 1929, about the fundamental soundness of conditions and the great opportunity open to investors who would buy sound common stocks and grow up with the country.

"Sell the bank first," was the instruction to Mr. Sherrod's office and hundreds of other offices scattered through the country. "Sell the institution first, then the securities." With thousands of salesmen and an honored name which they could all invoke, this was easy. But such a merchandising machine, with its far-flung system of private wires and its high-rent offices, is expensive to maintain. Mr. Sherrod plainly implies that the bank persuaded its customers, the large corporations, to issue fresh stocks and bonds, to float one issue after another, so that its securities affiliate could market them and meet its overhead. Apparently mergers were often made for no better reason. New business, too, was underwritten with little regard to its soundness. Sometimes the bank itself "bailed out" large loans which had "gone sour." The process consisted in persuading an impoverished corporation to pay off the money it owed the bank by floating a new bond issue, which the bank then unloaded on its clients. The trusting investor looking for reliable advice fell prey to a swarm of salesmen incessantly stimulated by pep wires from the home office. Not the least vicious feature of the system was the fact that failure by a salesman to obtain orders for any issue whatever that the bank might choose to endorse was regarded as disloyalty, a cause for immediate dismissal. What the salesman might think about the merits of the case made no difference. It was his duty to fill his quota, to win the frequent contests conducted in honor of visiting bank officials, to earn more commissions—which he was then encouraged to invest in the stock of his own bank.

When Congress considers the passage of new banking laws, this book might well be offered as evidence for the need of a drastic change. The bankers have asked their clients to regard them in a professional light, to approach them as one approaches a lawyer or a doctor; but many of them have meanwhile been playing a role which, in retrospect, is hard to distinguish from that of a green-goods merchant. This book proves, if it proves nothing else, that the profession of banking and the business of hawking securities should not be conducted under the same roof—that banks and their security-selling affiliates should be completely divorced.

ROBERT C. GILLIES.

Book Notes

HISTORY

THE ENDLESS ADVENTURE, by F. S. Oliver. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 2 vols. in one. 754 pages. $7.50.*

By the endless adventure Mr. Oliver means the adventure of governing men, as illustrated in the present instance by the career of Robert Walpole. After a long introduction about politics in general, Mr. Oliver in two volumes takes his hero down to the year 1735; the story is to be completed in a third. The author takes all his material from standard authorities and does not profess to add anything to history. He disapproves of ideals and is cynical in his attitude toward politics; but he considers political cleverness to be necessary and admirable. He writes with gusto, and his commentary is amusing and very intelligent. A comparison of this book with Machiavelli's "Discourses on Livy" would not be wholly absurd.

BIOGRAPHY

PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 182 pages. $2.*

This story of a New England hero, based on the life of the author's father, is partly fiction and partly biography. William Winship had an appetite for life and for work that only John Henry could rival. As a boy he worked in a cotton mill, and enjoyed it. When the Civil War cut off the cotton supply, Winship, with Shakespeare and a prayer book under his shirt, sang songs and told stories to the Army of the Potomac until his name became a password in the camps. After the war he returned to his native Maine village and opened an oyster shop, which soon became known for good food, songs and stories. He married, bought an abandoned farm some miles from town and began to reclaim it. His wife shared the work when she was not bearing children. Soon the shop in town had grown to half a dozen stores, as many ruined farms had been reclaimed and, with his own hands, he had built a small fleet of fishing boats. His first wife died, but he married again and had ten more children by the second. He played the guitar, built fine houses in the town, changed barren islands into farms, painted in his spare time and became a successful cartoonist. Everything to which he turned

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his hand succeeded, for no one else could work so hard or so well. "He hauled in lobsters at sunrise, made hay at noon, felled trees at sunset, and sang songs and talked of books as a citizen under the moon."

There is strength and color in Mr. Coffin's writing, but the book suffers by his insistence on the flawless greatness of his hero. The rapidly disappearing type of New Englander which he celebrates would be more convincingly recorded by a less adulatory chronicler. The ideals of work, acquisition and procreation for the man; of the kitchen, the kirk and the kids for the woman, were useful enough in pioneer society, but Mr. Coffin's paeans in their praise will draw few worshippers to those shrines today.

Fiction

THE THIEF, by Leonid Leonov. *Translated from the Russian by Hubert Butler. New York: The Dial Press. $3.*

This novel is quite apart from the general line of fiction produced in Soviet Russia today. Although Leonid Leonov served four years in the Red army and has come into his own as a brilliant writer since the revolution, he is not an orthodox Soviet author. With Boris Pilnyak he belongs to a group of passive literary *poputchiks*, "fellow travelers," who insist on remaining "little islands within" and aim to portray the "objective" truth of the life around them without accepting the revolution in a positive way. True to the tradition of the fellow travelers, Leonov is concerned with the "individual" man and not with the new "collective" man. The chief character of this story is a novelist who goes to the Moscow underworld in search of inspiration and literary material. There he finds the thief, Mitka Vekshin who, during the civil war, was a commissar of a Red army detachment. But now, when the days of heroic deeds are over, Mitka, perhaps like Leonov himself, is unfit to engage in the prosaic work of the reconstruction period. In search of excitement he turns to crime. Henceforth Mitka's life is interwoven with what Frissov, the novelist, makes of it. In the story's unfolding, Leonov presents a series of vivid Dostoyevskian pictures of life in the Moscow underworld.

Contributors

CHARLES A. BEARD, well known historian and political scientist, has written many works on history and politics, the most recent being "The American Leviathan," which he wrote in collaboration with his son, William Beard.

JACOB BROCHES ARONOFF is a practising lawyer of New York City who frequently contributes articles to legal journals and other periodicals.

STERLING D. SPERO is the author of "The Labor Movement in a Government Industry" and co-author of "The Black Worker," which was published last year by the Columbia University Press.

THEODORE ROETHKE, who was educated at Michigan and Harvard Universities, is at present teaching English at Lafayette College.

B. H. HAGGIN, a New York musician, has contributed to The Nation and lectured at the People's Institute, and is now writing on various aspects of the musical scene.

MORRIS R. COHEN, professor of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York, published last year "Reason and Nature," a treatise on the meaning of scientific method.

HAZEL HAWTHORNE, a contributor to "The Fourth American Caravan," is at present working on a novel of life in a New England village.

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ROBERT C. GILLIES is a financial writer and analyst who was in the thick of the speculative orgy as statistician and securities expert for Wall Street bankers and stock-exchange houses.

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